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[For the Register.]

BAD ENGLISH.

MESSRS EDITORS,—I wish to plead for pure English—To protest against the newly manufactured verbs and nouns, may be as idle as to maintain that Worcester's Dictionary is a better authority than Webster's. But it is painful to be "progressing" through the "slosh" of modern veroiage however "spry" one may be. We hardly dare to say a word against the verb progress, it is now so well received; although Dr. Franklin long ago raised his voice against the intruder and called upon his countrymen to eject this most awkward and abominable verb from the good company into which it has forced itself.

What would our philosopher have said of the new fangled present participle, which is being made to the utter confusion of the old-fashioned i, n, g, which satisfied Burke, Sheridan, and all our forefathers, of their existence in time! But we of the present day, not being perfectly satisfied with one active existence, must have two present times and a past one, to fill up the measure of our being's end and aim.

Our clergymen sometimes seek to "solemnize" the minds of their hearers and designate them as "prayerful," or "prayerless," according to the effect produced by their preaching. Mr. Worcester so far yields to modern usage as to allow these words a place in his dictionary, but not without a note, which should be a note of warning to all who love their mother tongue. We confess surprise at seeing 'prayerful' in the religious intelligene of the last Examiner. We will venture to say that it never appeared in that periodical before. Most certainly 'fellowship' a verb cannot be found in any number, until we come to No. CLXII. It was to be hoped that this work and the North American would not admit these innovations. But if they enter these sanctuaries, we must worship elsewhere.

Modern degeneracy has reached so far as to permit that most useless adjective "lengthy" to find a place in a printed Unitarian sermon. How a son of Harvard could prevail with himself so far as to write it, is astonishing. Professor Goodrich would not give it a place in his edition of Webster; though when the professor and lexicographer meet, this will be one of the idle words, which one of them will have to give an account of. The Doctor, however, will have reason to bless the Editor for the wide spread circulation of his work, for without the emendations of the latter, his dictionary could not have competed with Worcester's more successfully. than the spelling of Webster with that followed by Worcester. It is desirable that every one, who attempts to write or speak English, should make Worcester his standard. It is to be wished that the principles of this lexicographer were universally understood and practised, and that the idiomatic phrases collected by him and his great predecessor, Johnson, may never be exchanged for baser vocables.

Words are sacred shrines of thought. To tamper with a language is an offence against all, who use it, or all who have used, or who shall use it. All who have gone before, and all who are to come may cry out against the thoughtless one, who knowingly sanctions a provincialism in speech or writing.

P. S. It is a cause of thankfulness that the superintendents of Railroads have done what they could to banish that oftentimes mispronounced word, depot, and to substitute the good English word, station. Thanks to the conservators of our mother tongue—Let all imitate, and 'day po,' 'de po' and 'depot' will no longer offend the ear. W.

FAITH, PHILOSOPHY AND REASON.

A Baccalaureate Sermon, delivered at Williamstown, Ms. August 18, 1850, by Mark Hopkins, D. D., President of Williams College.

[We do not remember to have met anywhere so clear and satisfactory a view of faith, as in the above discourse, which is just published in the city by T. R. Marvin, 21 Congress street. We hope the length of the article will deter no one from reading it through.]

The definition of faith which I would propose, and which seems to me to meet the conditions just mentioned, is, that it is *confidence in a personal being*. Faith lives and moves and has its being only in the region of personality. Whatever we may believe respecting things visible or invisible, on any other ground than our confidence in a personal being, does not seem to me to be faith. It implies the recognition of a moral nature, and a conviction of the trust-worthiness of the being possessed of such a nature.

This definition of faith implies a division of this universe into two departments, that of persons, and that of things; and, in connection with this division, will give us a clear distinction between philosophy and faith. The sphere of faith is the region of personality, that of philosophy is the region of things. Each of these spheres addresses our sensibilities and call for investigation, but in accordance with its own nature and laws.

By things, are called forth, in the region of sensibility, the emotions of beauty, of sublimity, and of admiration; by persons, in addition to these, confidence, affection, passion.

In her investigations in the department of things, philosophy is concerned, not with all knowledge, but chiefly with resemblances in those things that exist together, and with uniformities in those that exist in succession. These are the basis of all classification, of all inductive reasoning—and it is through these that we get all our ideas of physical order and law.

Philosophy presupposes a knowledge of things as they exist separately. This being given, she neglects all individual peculiarities, and proceeds to group them according to their resemblances, and to give them collective names. In doing this she acquires for man power, and practical guidance, because a resemblance in essential properties. This gives value to the signs of nature, and shows that in the department of resemblances she is constituted on the basis of truth.

But not only does philosophy notice resemblances in beings and phenomena that exist together, she also notices uniformity of succession; and is thus enabled to fortell the future, and to act wisely with reference to it. She believes in a uniformity of succession according to the order that is established. She investigates the laws in accordance with which this succession moves on. As among things that exist together, she knows nothing of individual peculiarities, so in phenomena that exist in succession, she knows nothing of exceptions, and admits with great reluctance, or not at all, that such exceptions really exists.

Such, except as she may be said to investigate causes, is philosophy. She stands in the centre of things that co-exist, and passes onward and outward to the farthest star, stepping more or less firmly as the resemblances, by which alone she proceeds, are more or less perfect; she stands at the present point in things that succeed each other, and binds the future to the past by what she conceives to be an inexorable law.

But it may be inquired whether philosophy does not extend to the domain of mind. Yes, so far as mind is a thing, and hence under the law of an absolute uniformity, but no farther. The moment a personal being is placed under that law of nature by which that which follows is *necessarily* the product of that which precedes, personality ceases, and you have mere nature—a thing. The very idea of that necessary uniformity upon which philosophy is based, precludes that of personality. It also precludes the idea of faith; for whatever we may believe without the range of personality, and on whatever grounds, there is always wanting that element which enters into faith by which a person may be said not only to have confidence, but to be *confiding*.

The sphere of faith, is opposed to that of philosophy, is, as I have said, the region of personality. Here we find affections, and a moral nature, and a free-will. In the sphere of things we deal with similarities, and uniformities of succession, and laws, and do not necessarily know anything back of these. We *may* indeed refer them all to a personal agent, but for the grounds of our belief we are not necessitated to go beyond the uniformities and laws themselves. We have in these nothing of the great element of character. But in our dealings with personal beings, whatever ground we may have for belief, either of what they say, or of what they will do, must be found, not in any law, not in any unvarying uniformity conceived of as necessary, but in the *character* of the personal being. This is an element entirely different from any found in the sphere of philosophy, and it is upon this that faith fixes. This is the grand peculiarity of faith; it is confidence in a personal being. Like belief, it admits of degrees. As the highest form of belief is certainty, so the highest form of faith is such a confidence in the character of any being as will lead us to believe whatever he may say *because he says it*, and to commit implicity into his hands every interest of our being.

And as that without us which calls forth faith is so different from that which is the basis of philosophy, so it may be remarked, is that within us which is brought into action also different. Doubtless the nature of man is preconformed to the state into which he is to come, and as he naturally conforms himself to the uniformities of nature, so does he, though by a different principle, naturally confide in those to whom his being is intrusted. It is not to be supposed that that feeling of confidence with which the infant looks up into the eye of its mother, with which the new formed angel must look up to his God, is the same as that by which he is adapted to the blind and unvarying movements of nature. It is not to be supposed, as these two great spheres of persons and of things are so distinct, that our nature should not be equally preconformed to each.

If the spheres of faith and of philosophy be thus distinct, it will be obvious that they can come into conflict only at a single point. A personal being may make assertions about facts that lie within the domain of philosophy, and these assertions may seem to conflict, and may conflict, with evidence respecting those same facts derived from philosophy. But in such a case man is not left to the alternative of a blind faith or a presumptuous philosophy. His reason is to decide. By this he is to ascertain, on the one side, that a personal being has spoken, what he has said, what means he had of knowing the truth, and what confidence is to be placed in his character. On the other side, he is to inquire whether he knows all the facts and their relations, and is sure of his inferences. If after this, there shall seem to be a conflict, or a contradiction, reason must strike the balance, and say whether, under the circumstances, it is more rational to put confidence in a personal being, or to believe in facts and deductions for which we have another species of evidence. Reason recognizes both these grounds of belief; and she, and she only, can decide in cases of apparent conflict between them.

Having thus considered the relations of faith and philosophy, let us now look at those of faith and reason.

It is strange with what pertinacity the opponents of Christianity have insisted that there is, and must be, a conflict between these; and how readily many advocates of Christianity have assented to this view. So far has this been carried, that a recent and much-lauded article in the Edinburgh Review is entitled, "Reason and Faith; their claims and *conflicts*." But such conflict is by no means to be admitted. There is just as much opposition between reason and faith, as there is between reason and philosophy, and no more.

If we regard reason as giving us only intuitive and necessary truths, then it will act equally in the domain of philosophy and of faith, and there can be no opposition between either of them; unless, indeed, a personal being should assert an absurdity. But if, as is more common, we regard reason as comprising what is rational in man,—those high attributes by which he is distinguished from the brutes, and which must enter into, and preside over, every legitimate act and process of the mind,—then, the sphere of faith and philosophy being different, there can be no conflict between reason as employed in the sphere of philosophy, and as employed in the sphere of faith. Reason presides over both spheres, and can therefore be in conflict with neither. The only possible question is, whether we may, in any case, just as rationally reach conclusions and grounds of action by that process which we call faith, as we can by that which we call philosophy. But on this point there can be no question. We act necessarily and as legitimately with reference to personal beings by faith, as we do in reference to things by a belief in the uniformity of nature. It is just as *rational* for a man to have confidence in the character and consequently in the word of a personal being, as it is for him to believe in the facts of observation or experience or in those forms and systems of knowledge deduced from those which are called philosophy. It *may*, perhaps be found to be *quite* as reasonable to believe a fact because it is asserted by God, as to believe one because it is inferred by ourselves, or even as to believe a fact made known to us by those senses which God has given.

Is there not then such a thing as faith that is not in accordance with reason? Certainly, just as there are inferences and philosophies that are not in accordance with reason, and perhaps it would be difficult to say whether there has been more folly and absurdity under the name of faith or of philosophy. My reason tells me that I may classify these, and build up a system of knowledge which we call philosophy. Under this impression, men have built up systems of philosophy which we can now see were exceedingly irrational and foolish, but this does not show that there is any conflict between reason and philosophy; but only that reason is not infallible in this department. My reason also, all that is rational within me, tells me that I may, and ought, sometimes to confide in personal beings, and that such confidence is a rational and sufficient ground of knowledge and of action. We may, indeed, here repose confidence where we ought not, and receive irrational dogmas, and submit to useless or ridiculous rites; but this would only show that reason is not infallible in this department.

So far then from separating faith from reason and bringing them into possible and actual conflict, we would say that the sphere of faith is one of the two great spheres over which reason presides, and that faith itself is one of the great and indispensable methods in which reason is manifested. It is a libel upon religion to say that it requires a blind faith, or any other than a rational faith, or that it requires us to believe anything which it is not more rational to believe than to disbelieve. There is no tendency in faith to a blind belief. It does not say, and has no tendency to say, 'I believe because it is impossible.' That is mere Quixotism and folly. Faith may, indeed, take hold of the hand of a father and be willing to step where it does not see; but then she is willing thus to step, only because she has a rational ground for believing that her father will lead her right. Christianity discards and repudiates altogether, any faith that can come into conflict with reason.

This view of faith gives it a definite sphere, it shows distinctly its relations both to philosophy and to reason, and removes from it all that mysterious or mystical appearance which has sometimes been thrown around religious faith. As an exercise of the mind it is, generically, no way different from that which we are constantly accustomed. When a child follows implicitly the directions of its father, when a client puts his case into the hands of an advocate, there is an element in the act that is different from simple belief, it is an element that puts honor upon the father and the advocate. This is faith. Faith, then, generically, is confidence in a personal being. Specifically, religious faith is confidence in God, in every aspect and office in which he reveals himself. As that love of which God is the object, is religious love, so that confidence in Him as a Father, a Moral Governor, a Redeemer a Sanctifier, in all the modes of his manifestation, by which we believe whatever he says because he says it, and commit ourselves and all our interests cheerfully and entirely into his hands is religious faith. Surely there is in this, nothing irrational, or hard to be understood.

The destructive element of faith, then, is not belief, but it is that perception and appreciation of moral character upon which the belief is based. Involved in this there must always be a belief of the trustworthiness of the object of our faith. Hence, if faith were perfect, it would involve, not merely a belief in testimony, but an obedience like that of Abraham. In his case there was simply a command, and strictly no testimony; yet the faith was perfect.

It is this complex nature of faith that has caused the confusion respecting it. It does imply a movement of both the rational and the emotive nature. In this, sometimes the one, and sometimes the other may predominate, but it is never due either to the intellect simply, or to the feelings simply. When outward appearances, as in the case of Abraham, are opposed to the dictates of faith, it will be an affectionate confidence. When there is no such opposition, it will be a confiding affection in which the confidence may seem to be entirely absorbed and transfigured into love. The belief involved in faith, is based on those very qualities which necessarily call forth emotion or affection; and hence, in this act, the two are fused and inseparably blended. Hence too the moral element in faith, which is not necessarily in mere belief, and hence its power as a principle of action. Nor is there anything strange or anomalous in this. Pity is a complex act, consisting of sympathy for distress and a desire to relieve it. Those may exist in different proportions, but if either be wanting there is no pity; and yet no one finds any difficulty in understanding what pity is.

Having thus considered the nature of faith, we now proceed to its offices.

Of faith in general, the great offices is to underlie all the social intercourse of personal beings. It is to this higher and distinct sphere of personal intercourse, what a belief in the uniformity of nature is in our intercourse with nature. Without confidence society is impossible. It is the great element and condition of social prosperity and happiness. Universally it will be found that all the ends of society are reached, in proportion as there is mutual confidence between husbands and wives, parents and children, ruler and subjects, buyers and sellers, friends and neighbors. Remove but the single element of distrust, and who does not see that the great cause of human wretchedness would be taken away. Let but the one element of a general and perfect confidence be poured into the now heaving mass of human society, and its agitations would subside, and it would be at once aggregated and crystalized into its most perfect forms. In connection with this, every form of human attachment would strike deep root, every mutual affinity would have free play, and every capacity of man for happiness from intercourse with his fellow-men would be filled.

Of the more specific offices of religious faith we will first consider that, so much insisted on in the Scriptures, by which it accepts a gratuitous salvation. From the nature of faith as now stated, it is easy to see that its relation to such a salvation is a necessary and not an arbitrary one. To be accepted, a gift must first be appreciated, and desired *as a gift*. This, in the case of salvation from sin, involves repentance. And then then there must be full confidence in the sincerity of him who offers the gift. This is faith, and, the gift being desired, there can be a completion of the confidence only in its acceptance. In this view of it faith is not that in consequence of which we receive the salvation, as if the faith existed first and accepted the salvation afterwards, but faith is the very act of confidence by which the salvation is accepted. It is a confidence which can become complete only as it accepts the offer, because it is only as He makes the offer that the Saviour offers himself to our confidence. Faith then, in its relation to salvation, is that confidence by which we accept it as a free gift from the Saviour, and is the only possible way in which this gift of God could be appropriated. How simple! how rational! how strange it should fail to be understood!

A second office of religious faith, as stated in the Scriptures, is to unite man to God, and in so doing, to give him power with God. To this, faith, as now explained, is perfectly adapted. As our relations to God are so numerous and intimate, and as confidence in him can be based only on a perception of those perfect attributes which would call out the highest affection, it must be an affectionate confidence. But it is only by an affectionate confidence that such a being as man can be united to God, or, indeed, that any one moral being can be united to another. Let this exist and everything in the relations of the two beings must be pleasant, the relation itself will be the ground of the highest satisfaction which our nature can know, and will lie at the foundation of a higher and nobler idea of being and of order than any other. What is the idea of myriads of orbs circling in harmony together, compared with that of myriads of intelligent and moral beings united to God and to each other in a mutual and affectionate confidence? Here we find the true end of this universe—an order of which all other order is but the symbol.

And while faith thus unites us to God, it is natural and rational to suppose that it should have the great power ascribed to it in the Scriptures. It is one of the strongest impulses and principles of a rightly constituted nature never to disappoint any confidence that is justly reposed in it. This seems to be even the instinct of a generous nature without reference to principle. Who is there that would not protect a dove that should come and nestle in his bosom! An appeal by innocence, by helplessness, by distress, in which the individual abandons himself with entire confidence to *us*, is one of the strongest that can be made to our nature, and will often be met by the greatest sacrifices, not only by individuals, but by whole nations. Let Kossuth escape and come to this country, and confide himself to our protection, and let him be pursued by the combined power of Russia and of Austria, yea by the power of the world, and the nation would rise as one man, would form a living wall around him, and he would be taken only as his pursuers should pass over the dead bodies of those who would stand in his defence. Shall *men* do thus, and shall not God defend those who come to put their trust under the shadow of his wings! Shall any *innocent* creature of God that is in distress come to him and confide in him, and shall not the resources of Omnipotence be held ready for his deliverance! Shall any guilty creature of God, however debased and wretched, yea though he were dyed and steeped in sin, come to him with a confidence authorized by the death of Christ, and cast himself upon him for pardon and adoption, and shall he not be received even as the prodigal son? Shall any servant of God, in this world of conflict, be hardly beset, and, feeling that his own strength is weakness, look up to God with an eye of filial confidence, and shall he not send his succor! Shall his servants say, in the very face of the flames, "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace, and he will deliver us, O king," and shall he not deliver them! What are the laws of nature in a case like this! They are but as a technicality compared with a mighty principle. One glance of a confiding eye is mightier than all the laws of nature. Heaven and earth may pass away, but not a hair of him who puts confidence in God shall "fall to the earth." Sooner, far sooner, would God sweep this material framework, with all its laws, into utter annihilation, than he would disappoint the authorized confidence of the most inconsiderable of his creatures. How different is this universe when thus viewed by the light of faith in its relation to a controlling personal being, a father, and a friend; and when viewed in the light of philosophy, as mere nature—as an unvarying, undiscriminating, crushing uniformity!

The third office of religious faith is to be a principle of action. And if there be any one thing which a young man about to enter upon life ought to consider thoroughly, it is his principles of action. Upon these his own character, and that of his enterprises will depend. As you, my friends, adopt, from this time, right principles of action, so, and so only will you promote your true usefulness, and permanent good.

But certain it is, referring to the distinction already made, that the highest principles of action cannot be found in the sphere of things. The study of these may train the intellect, and make men mere phylosophers; they may awaken the desire to possess them as property and make men misers; they may call forth the emotions of beauty and sublimity; and that is all. There is here no confidence, no affection, no sympathy. But bring man, now, into intercourse with free, personal and moral beings, and every high faculty of his nature will come into play. The intellect, and the heart, and the moral nature will act together and strengthen each other. And as the basis of all such intercourse must be faith, so the basis of all intercourse with God must be religious faith.

As a principle of action, religious faith is contrasted with those adopted by the heroes of this world, because it tends to form a complete character. Recognizing as conformed to God, it aims equally at all those [illegible] the whole life of man, and at all the [illegible] the greater part of the life of all men is spent in the [illegible] raised above all things, is a principle of action that shall embrace all acts equally, as the law of gravitation embraces the atom and the planet, and that may dignify the smallest act by the principle from which it proceeds. Such a principle is religious faith; and nothing but this can carry the life-blood of principle into those minuter portions of human conduct on which our happiness here chiefly depends. This would attune the chords of domestic life and make them discourse sweet music; it would substitute the freshness of sincerity, and the flush of benevelence, for the paint and frigidity of a false and conventional politeness. Carrying out such a principle, an individual may be truly great, however humble his sphere; and this greatness will bear the test, and grow as it is examined; while that which takes human opinion as its standard and reward, dwindles and becomes contemptible the more it is known. This latter cultivates the art of concealment; it is great, and generous, and kind, in public, and mean, and selfish, and unamiable, at home. Long enough has the world been filled with pretences, and show, and fair seemings, and whited sepulchres; but the remedy for these is to be found, not in any ridicule or denunciation of hypocrisy, nor in any splenetic or contemptuous denial of "sham," but only in the cultivation of a true religious faith.

This will be the more obvious if we notice a second, and grand peculiarity of religious faith, which is, that it can work only in harmony with the moral nature. No man can expect to be aided or sustained by God, when he is doing any thing which he is conscious is not well pleasing to him. Confidence in God must imply a constant endeavor to know his will, and must hence, quicken the conscience, and, as the Scriptures express it, purify the heart. I have already spoken of the essential connection between faith and love, and it is by its intimate alliance with conscience on the one hand, and love on the other, that religious faith is capable of becoming a principle of action so ennobling and so mighty. It is rational and intelligent as recognizing, sometimes the plans of God, and always the grounds of trust in Him; it quickens the conscience as necessarily adopting the law of God for its rule of action; and it gives full play to the affections, by drawing its very life from the holy and infinitely amiable character of God. Thus, he who is actuated by this principle must have the strength that comes from the consciousness of acting rationally, from peace with God, and peace of conscience. Thus has at every element that can be needed to sustain great and heroic action. Let a man feel that he is in sympathy with God in the object of his pursuit, that God approves the means he adopts, and let him have a filial confidence in him, and what deed of a true heroism is there, whether of action or of suffering, which he may not perform! Thus moved and sustained, is it any wonder that they of old "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens"! Ad what this principle was of old, it is now. The same God is above us, and his response to any confidence in Him will not be less full. This only can support the martyr, the moral hero, the hero of meekness, and righteousness and love unconquerable. This only can learnen to originate and sustain those great moral enterprises, on the success of which the welfare and progress of the world must ultimately turn. It cannot be that man should set himself fully against the wickedness of his own heart, and the wickedness of the world around him, and resist the allurements of temptation, and defy the power of nature wielded by persecution, and endure to the end, and overcome, except as "seeing him who is invisible." "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." On this can enable the true missionary to forsake country and friends, and devote his life, in heathen land, to the good of those whom he knows but as redeemed by the blood of Christ; only this can sustain him in attacking forms of sin that seem as ancient and firm as the hills; this alone can enable him to labor on till dead, and die in hope, while yet the darkness of night lies upon the mountains.

Such a faith has nothing to do with nature. She comes down from above to the sphere of nature, she contemplates objects of which nature knows nothing, and when she acts rationally with reference to these objects—to a kingdom and laws that are above nature—nature says she is mad. She is not mad;—the might of the universe is with her; God is with her; eternity shall vindicate her. This, not money, not machinery, or confidence in them, but this it is that the church needs. Let her come directly to God in the strength of a perfect weakness, in the power of a felt helplessness and a child-like confidence, and then, either she has no strength, and has no right to be, or she has a strength that is infinite. Then, and thus, will she stretch out the rod over the seas of difficulty that lie before her, and the waters shall divide, and she shall pass through, and sing the song of deliverance.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

A man had three friends. Two of them he loved exceedingly, to the third he was indifferent, though he was the most sincere. One day he was summoned before the justice for a matter of which he was innocent. "Who among you (said he) will go with me and witness for me?" The first of his friends excused himself immediately, on pretence of other business. The second accompanied him to the door of the tribunal, but there he turned and went back for fear of the judge. The third, upon whom he had least dependence, went in, spoke for him, and witnessed his innocence so cheerfully, that the judge released him, and made a present besides. Man has three friends in this world. How do they behave in the hour of death, when God summons him before the judgment seat? Gold, his best friend, leaves him first. His relations and friends accompany him to the brink of the grave, and return again to their houses. His good deeds alone accompany him to the throne of the Judge, they go before, speak for him, and find mercy and favor. [Eliza Cook's Journal.

THE ROSE AMONG THORNS.

A pious man was one day pacing sorrowfully up and down his garden, and doubting the care of Providence. At length he stood before a rose bush, and the spirit of the rose spoke to him thus:—"Do I not animate a beautiful plant; a cup of thanksgiving full of fragrance to the Lord, in the name of all flowers, and an offering of sweetest incense to Him? And where do you find me? Amongst thorns! But they do not sting me; they protect and give me sap. This, thine enemies do for thee; and should not thy spirit be firmer than that of a frail flower!" Strengthened, the man went thence. His soul became a cup of thanksgiving to his enemies. [Ib.

LOVE TO GOD.

Can we know thee, O my God, and not love thee! Thee, who surpassest in greatness, and power, and goodness, and bounty, in magnificence, in all sorts of perfections, and what is more to me, in thy love for me, all that a created being can comprehend! Thou permittest me, thou commandest me to love thee. Shall the mad passions of the world be indulged with ardor, and we love thee with a cold and measured love! O no, my God; let not the profane be stronger than the divine love.

Send thy spirit into my heart; it is given to [illegible]

A SALUTARY THOUGHT.

When I was a young man there lived in our neighborhood a Presbyterian, who was universally reported to be a very liberal man and uncommonly upright in his dealings. When he had any of the products of his farm to dispose of, he made it an invariable rule to give good measure, over good, rather more than could be required of him. One of his friends, observing his frequently doing so, questioned him why he did it, told him he gave too much, and said it would not be to his own advantage. Now my friends, mark the answer of this Presbyterian:—"God Almighty has permitted me but one journey through the world, and when gone I cannot return to rectify mistakes." Think of this, friends, only one journey through this world.—[J. Simpson.

O! FOR A SPIRIT OF PRAYER.

This is my exclamation when I read our Foreign Missonary Journals and Reports, and thus learn the pressing wants of the world, both for vast multitudes of suitable laborers, and for a much larger style of contribution, on the part of professed Christians, and others in Christian lands. For who but the "Hearer of Prayer" can raise up the laborers, secure the means, and thus accomplish both His purposes and his promises!

This, too, is my exclamation in view of the same moral exigencies of our State. For who but He "who was the hearts of all men in His hands, and can turn them as the river of water is turned," can bestow the men and the means so greatly needed to make our "wilderness like Eden, and our desolate places like the garden of the Lord."

When I perceive the growing tendency of the age to the outward and the formal, rather than to the inward and the spiritual, I am also so filled with anxiety and alarm lest the glory of puritan New England should depart, and a long night of superstition and corruption in religious worship ensue, that if my voice could reach every disciple of Jesus in the land, I would say unto him with all possible earnestness—O! for a spirit of prayer—of wrestling, prevailing prayer with that God who is a Spirit, and who requires those who worship Him to worship Him in spirit and in truth.

When I look at the present state of the Temperance cause, both in our own land, and in other parts of the world, and realize in some measure, that such is the depravity of man, it never will go forward to ultimate and universal triumph, until that depravity is subdued, I am brought again to the same conclusion, that the help needed must come from God, and that he will be enquired of by the house of Israel to do what is needed for them. O, then, for a more fervent and earnest spirit of prayer to be poured out upon us all on this account.

When I think of the present state and posture of things in our own beloved country, and long for the removal of slavery from us, not only for the temporal and spiritual good of the slave, but also as the greatest of all securities for the peace, perpetuity, as well as prosperity of these United States, I feel that the needed help can come neither from the corn-floor nor the wine press, but from the "*everlasting hills*." Hence my great desire is, that both myself and all others may be favored with such a fervent spirit of prayer at the throne of grace, that God, even our own God, will thus bless us, and accomplish for us what no one else can.

When I think of the many and great enterprises of the present day, and perceive how all out of the church, and almost all in it, are intent upon them in some one of their many forms, I would have a greater spirit of prayer myself, and would desire that all others may have it, that thus their minds may not be unduly or inordinately confined, and that God in his infinite wisdom and goodness, would render all these measures and improvements of modern times, in the mode of travel and conveying intelligence, as well as all things else, so many means and facilities to hasten the latter day of glory, when Zion shall become an Eternal Excellency—and Holiness to the Lord" shall be written upon the bells of the horses."

Thus, then, in addition to the many and sad remainders of sin in thy own heart, have I, and have all, motives and objects enough to possess and abound in a spirit of fervent and intense prayer to the God of all grace. [Christian Mirror.

A TALK WITH MY SOUL.

What, my soul, dost thou desire? There on high is what thou desirest, what thou seekest. Dost thou gaze after beauty? The righteous shall shine as the sun in his beauty and lustre; and they shall be as the angels of God. Art thou desirous of long life and health? There is a healthful eternity and an eternal health; for the righteous shall live forever, and the Lord is their salvation. Dost thou desire satisfaction? They shall be satisfied when they awake in thy likeness. Dost thou delight in music? There the angels sing unto the Lord a new song. Dost thou seek pure pleasures? The Lord gives them to drink of the river of pleasure. Dost thou rejoice in honor and riches? God will make his good and faithful servants rulers over many things; they will be made children of God and heirs with Christ. There can one find everything elevated and good which can be conceived, wisdom, love, concord, power and security. O thou human, destitute heart—full of cares and sorrows, how wouldst thou rejoice, if thou should have an abundance of all these blessings! Ask thyself whether thou could contain so great a joy.

In this dark and bitter life, can there be anything more excellent than longing after eternal joy and blessedness—than fixing the heart where pleasure is sure to be found? When shall I enter the mysterious and glorious place, where rejoicing and triumph shall resound in the tabernacles of the righteous! Happy are those who dwell in thy house, O Lord; they shall be forever praising thee. The saints shall flourish before thee like the lily. They shall be satisfied with the abundance of thy house, and drink of the river of thy pleasures; for thou art the fountain of life, and in thy light shall we see light. One thing have I desired of thee, that I may dwell in thy house all the days of my life. When shall I come and appear before thee; When shall I see my God, for whom my soul thirsts? [Anselm.

THE INFANT IN HEAVEN.

This affords, we think, something more than a dubious glimpse into the question that is often put by a distracted mother when her babe is taken away from her. When all the converse it ever had with the world amounted to the gaze upon it of a few months, or a few opening smiles, which marked the dawn of felt enjoyment and ere it reached, perhaps, the lisps of infancy, it, all unconscious of death, had to wrestle through a period of sickness with its power, and at length to be overcome by it. O! it little knew what an interest it had created in that home where it was so passing a visitant—nor, when carried to its early grave, what a tide of emotion it would raise among the few acquaintance it had left behind it! On it, too, baptism was impressed as a seal; and, as a sign, it was never falsified—There was no positive unbelief in its bosom; no resistance yet put forth to the truth; no love at all for the darkness rather than the light, nor had it yet fallen into the great condemnation which will attach itself to all that perish because [illegible] permitted to indulge a hope as pleasing as that the use of baptism as a seal remains in all its entireness—that He who sanctioned the affixing of it to a babe will fulfil upon it the whole expression of this ordinance! And when we couple with this the known disposition of our great Forerunner—the love that he manifested to children on earth—how he suffered them to approach his person and, a-shing endearments and kindness upon them in the streets of Jerusalem, told his disciples that the presence and company of such as these in heaven formed one ingredient of the joy that was set before him; tell us if Christianity does not throw a pleasing radiance round an infant's tomb! And should any parent who hears us feel softened by the touching remembrance of a light that twinkled a few short months under his roof, and at the end of its little period expired, we cannot think that we venture too far when we say, that he has only to persevere in the faith and in the following of the Gospel, and that very light will again shine upon him in heaven. The blossom which withered here upon its stalk, has been transplanted there to a place of endurance; and there it will then gladden that eye which now weeps out the agony of an affection that has been sorely wounded: and in the name of Him who, if on earth would have wept along with them, do we bid all believers present to sorrow not even as others which have no hope, but to take comfort in the thought of that country where there is no sorrow and no separation:—

O! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the wa-chful night,
For all her sorrow, all her tears,
An overpayment of delight?"
[Dr. Chalmers.

MR. GEORGE DOWSON.

ON THE ROMISH CHURCH AND HER HIERARCHY.

The *Birmingham Mercury* reports a lecture delivered by Mr. Dowson on the recent appointments of the Romish pontiff. Its sarcasms on the Church of England are tinged with a bitterness not frequent in the orations of this popular speaker. Omitting those portions, we subjoin the remarks relating more especially to the acknowledged subject of the lecture. "It is pretty well understood that there is an intention, on the part of the priesthood of the Anglican Church, to go to parliament for legal enactments to repel, as it is called, the invasion from Rome, and I warn you all, should such an attempt be made, to raise your voices in the most emphatic manner against so unholy a procedure. What have you received, as Nonconformists, from the Angelican Church, but contumely and persecution! What have its bishops done for progress, but thrown every obstacle possible in the way! Where have their sympathies been but with the rich and worldly! How have they paid their poor curates—the men who have done the work—but with the niggardly hand of the miser. In such a church we can have no faith, for such a church no respect. Away with it then, and let us fight the spirit of superstition and darkness single-handed; we fear not the result; though infidels and heretics to both churches, we have faith in a higher power than either can claim as theirs alone. But the Angelican Church is as much heretic in the sight of the Roman as we are. The Pope's anointed occasionally come to her, and are received without re-ordination. Her members go to the Pope for admission into his Church, and he tells them they are heretics, and cannot be received without benediction and anointment from him, so that even her compliments are not reciprocated by the elder church, and notwithstanding her wax candles, white surplices, peculiar costume, &c.; schismatic she still remains, her fabric trembles, will tremble, and must fall, unless she becomes totally and forever disseveled from the state, a more rightful just distribution be made of her revenues, and an indefatigable ministering to, and educating of, the poor be carried on by her clergy. Now let us turn and take a view of another side of the picture. We have given our Catholic brothers welcome—let us give them warning, and in doing so it would be well to take a glance at the relation we bear to them more immediately as a church. Like them we are catholics, but not Roman Catholics, for ours is the catholic church of the future; we belong to that wide and universal church which has existed in all ages of the world, and bears enrolled on its banner the names of Milton and St. Paul, of St. Augustine and John Wesley, of Channing and Fenelon, of Bunyan and Beveridge, and its thousands of others; of all ages and nations, who lived for, and died in, the truth. This is sufficient to show that we do not believe the salvation of man to depend upon forms and ceremonies, doctrines or creeds; for we have faith that all those men of great names and of the most diversified creeds and opinions are gone to that rest which is promised to those who work righteousness. We are, then, catholics of a church which is becoming more visible upon the earth, and which we believe shall eventually absorb all other churches, and hasten the reign of full truth upon the earth. Bearing, then, such a relation to existing churches, we can look upon all with an impartial eye, and having pointed out the only remedy which remains to the English church, let us give a few words of warning to the Roman church. Let her beware of laying a finger on our civil rights and liberties. We cannot forget the recent doing of the Romish priesthood in Sardinia, who, because they were made amenable to the same civil law as other men, refused Santa Rosa extreme unction in his last moments. To some of you it may be unknown that, until recently, the Romish priests were exempt from the civil tribunal in that land, and of refuge in which they could not be touched, no matter what their crimes. A frightful outrage was committed there by one of the priests not long ago, who sought an asylum in one of these sanctuaries, which the government, at whose head was Santa Rosa, refused to respect any longer, and had the culprit brought before the tribunal of the country and punished for his crimes; for this, and because that brave man Santa Rosa would not swear to recant and recal an edict which the Government of Sardinia had enacted to make the priesthood liable to be judged by the same laws as civilians, was he left to go down to death without the prayers and blessings of his churches, and his remains refused Christian burial by an arrogant priest of the Romish hierarchy. Neither must we turn our backs upon the fact that Popery has been, and is at present, on the continent, obstructing the development of that germ on which hangs the hopes of all peoples, that spirit of democracy which has made and will make unjust kings and tyrants tremble—that power which upseis thrones and breaks them in pieces—that principle which shall yet, in spite of all Popes and kings, all synods and churches, rise triumphant on the earth, and reign in peace. It is against opposing this truth, we warn Rome—it is against raising her voice or lifting her finger in this country in favour of the oppression of the people, we warn her. It is against sanctioning the aid now rendered to the iniquities of the despots and their governments on the continent of Europe, that we warn her. Prussia may yet quail beneath her power, that brave Fatherland of so much that is good and true, if she has no help: we call upon you as Englishmen, should such a crisis come, to wake this old land from side to side, and compel your rulers to assist her in her time of need—should that brave Protestant land be made to succumb to the despots of earth for the want of such assistance, would that England might fall with her! But in this Anglo-Saxon land, should Popery make one step to retard the progress of the mind, we protestants of England—the descendants of Cromwell and of Hampden, of Russell and of Sidney, of Locke and of Milton—would rise to a man, and repel such an attack upon our dearly-bought liberty, gained by the blood and sinews of our progenitors. God forbid, that we, again, as a nation, should ever truckle to Rome and priestcraft. And our only true shield against the insidious march of such foes is the education and enlightenment of the people; that, and that alone, can and will stem the torrent of superstition, and check the influence of Popery." [London Inquirer.

MEMORIALS FOR THE DEAD.

[We have lately noticed excellent addresses, at the opening of two Cemeteries, by brethren of our own household. We publish below Extracts from another, by a gentleman of different opinions, a valued friend, and cultivated scholar, Rev. Henry Neil of Lenox,—delivered at Pittsfield, Mass. Sept. 9, 1850. The beautiful poem of Dr Holmes on the same occasion has been inserted in the Register.]

If such be the reasons for remembering the bodies of the dead, are we not now prepared to enquire of what kind shall be the memorials around their silent graves?

Not mournful ones alone, every Christian heart will say. Not such as to make a burial-ground only

"Creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!"

The controlling idea of every place, as of every thought, must determine the general character of its decorations. And what is to be the pervading sentiment of this well-selected and singularly beautiful spot? What other than that of simple and heart-rending grief, chastened and mitigated by a spirit of resignation and Christian hope?

Thoughts of the changing, the vast, the suggestive, the boundless, the enduring, the inf

cessions were accompanied. They protested against the shrieks of the hired women called "prefiœ." "Christianity asks for no stoical apathy; it only softens the poignancy of lamentation by the spirit of faith and hope, and of a child-like acquiescence in the dealings of eternal love, a love which takes away only to give again in greater splendor and reality, which divides only to unite again those whom it has divided, in a glorified state for all eternity.

If the early Christians, even on their signet rings instead of a javelin or a prostrate foe, placed a dove, a rising sun, a ship sailing towards heaven, an anchor, or the symbol in an anagram, of Jesus Christ the Savior and Son of God; if even on their drinking cups, instead of a revelling eye, they carved a shepherd and a lamb upon his shoulders; with what joy would they have gathered chaplets, amaranthine flowers, triumphal arches, with every emblem of immortality, and everlasting life, around their venerated tombs. "Laurence, to his sweetest son, borne away by angels," was inscribed by one of those fathers on one of their stones. And on another, "Let us restrain our sighs and cease from weeping; Marcus, you have already begun to live among the innocent ones." If the words "Suffer them to come unto me and forbid them not," still remain for our consolation, we must not be surprised if Jesus should often call unto him a little child. Over such a grave, a harp with trembling strings, will say with sufficient distinctness, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Over all who have fallen asleep in Jesus, and vast numbers of such will be in this ground; from the ancient grave-yards I see them coming, from the ancient grave-yards I see them coming, many who once were standard-bearers in the army of the Lord's annointed; many who fell in illustrious strife; some who died in foreign climes; many who sat at Jesus' feet; and some who washed them with their tears; fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, you and they, the living and the dead, all are coming to rest in this consecrated ground; over all these what emblems shall be placed? What inscription shall be written? Nothing indiscriminate or ludicrously inappropriate must be here; no 'deaths' heads' over sweetly sleeping children's graves; no 'sic transit gloria mundi,' over a most inglorious tomb. Many sorrowful tributes of affection will be here, many mournful garlands, from the hand of unabated but separated love. The cedar of Lebanon,

——"with fair branches, and a shadowy shroud,"
The jessamine, the rose,
"And every flower that sad embroidery wears"

But the letter which Cyprian sent to his church at Carthage, where multitudes had died, and from the pestilence, indicates the spirit which must determine the prevalent characteristics of our memorials for the dead. "Our brethren are not to be lamented. They are not lost, but sent before us; we may not clothe ourselves only in the garments of mourning whilst they are clothed in the garb of glory. We must not give occasion to the heathen to reproach us for our inconsistency; we must not lament those as annihilated whom we declare to be living with God; Christ himself exhorts us, and says Whosoever believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. Why hasten we not to see our country? to salute our friends?"

The day of their death was looked upon as the day of their birth into a glorified existence, and they celebrated it in remembrance of the departed warriors. As they walked among their graves, they expected to be filled with the impression not only that the cry of anguish had moderated into articulations of resignation, but that resignation had often changed into a jubilant song. And they were not disappointed.

May we not be permitted to say, that here is a field in which Art has not yet reached her capabilities. The Savior's sepulchre, and the attendant angels, the astonished women, the folded clothes, the empty tomb, and even the stone rolled away from the door: will yet be seen grouped and modeled into one harmonious and expressive tribute to Him who is the resurrection and the life. Out of his heart's great love for One who died for him, an Italian monk has already wrought in ivory a thrillingly affecting representation of the crucified Redeemer. With advancing ages, and the augmented love which Christianity inspires, manifold acts and scenes, drawn from the sacred and suffering life of Jesus, will be made by Genius and Devotion, to decorate the grounds which now wait for the second appearance of the Son of Man.

If the ground is interesting to us, to-day, because, as one great assembly we stand upon it; thinking of our graves, and looking to the skies; how will it yet appear!

As a great assembly we shall stand upon it, once again. The leaves will have ceased to fall. Then the grass will no more fade. Mortals will have done their work. The last enemy shall have been destroyed. We shall look towards the mountains, and they will move out of their places; towards the graves, and they will not be there; towards the earth, and it will be all new; towards the skies, and with a great noise they will pass away. What then shall we see? *Behold He cometh* in clouds, and every eye shall see Him: the great men, the rich men, the chief-captains, the mighty men, and every free man, shall see Him that was dead and is alive forevermore.

We shall all see Him. Shall it be as those who have pierced Him, or as those who, having come out of great tribulation, have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. How shall we appear! Behold, I show you a mystery, we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible; and we shall be changed. So, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then may there be brought to pass for each of us, the saying that is written "Death is swallowed up in victory."

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Boston, Saturday, December 21, 1850.

IDEAS OF GOD AND LANGUAGE OF PRAYER.

In our modern Christianity, as in the old religions of the East, there is a two-fold tendency as regards the representations of God. One inclines to anthropomorphism, the other to pantheism. Or, as these terms are not strictly correlative, we may say that one inclines to contemplate God in embodiments, the other as an essence. One contemplates the Deity in concrete forms, the other as an abstract principle. One calls God successively by the names of various natural objects, the other makes all natural objects to be God. One, by selecting now this thing and now that, now a rock, then a river, then a bird, and then a man, as images to represent Him, shows in the very variety and mutual contradiction of those images that it believes God to be something independent of and superior to them all. The other sinks God in nature, never identifying him with a part, but always with the whole. The anthropomorphist sets the entire Divine Being before him in a human frame; the pantheist holds man to be only a portion of the Divinity. The devout Hebrew found all of God, for the moment, in whatever symbol he placed before his mind, and another moment, another symbol fulfilled the same office. The consistent Brahmin could never regard a portion of matter as anything more than a divine fragment.

Schlegel supposes that in the religious developement of the race, the mythological conception, or the numerical multiplication of deities, *follows* an abstract monotheism invariably in a chronological succession. He thinks polytheism the last developed part of the old religion, and the myths to be a consequence of a gradual subjection of the imagination to the magic powers of nature. But is it not true that the conditions under which these two kinds of belief are produced, are always existing in the world? Is not the heart always asking for personifications, and the intellect forever insisting on abstractions? Do not the pantheist and the anthropomorphist both belong to our time, because they both represent permanent instincts of human nature? The Hindoo and the Greek both reappear in Christendom. The affections, full of trust, not perplexed by questions, not distressed by doubts, not anxious about inconsistencies, love to come to their God and Father through any figure they can shape which brings them nearer to him. The logical intellect, ambitious of generalizations, aspiring to the absolute, the impersonal and the ideal, impatient of the apparent contradictions of practical truth, caring more for a grand Deity than an intimate one, and more for the accuracy of its own thought than for any Deity at all, is only satisfied with the worship which makes itself a part of the object worshipped, and proudly acknowledges no supreme spirit higher than the intelligible laws of the universe.

So in the history of the Jewish theocracy, some biblical scholars have maintained that the earlier Hebrew theism was entirely free from anthropomorphitic ideas; that they were only introduced as a part of the poetic machinery of the later prophets. But would not a more just criticism discover that the apparent suspicious hostility of the Mosaic religion to human representations of Deity was only an intended reaction from the low idolatry of the surrounding nations? When the necessity of this extreme caution had disappeared by the comparatively secure establishment of monotheism, we find the habit relaxing. The intellectual error having been displaced by an intellectual truth, and Jehovah having supplanted Dagon, the heart was free again to choose its own symbols of the Invisible One, and as many as it would. Mark the significant fact that this was just the period when the *literature* of the Jewish nation took on a more fervent and spiritual character. The men who were emancipated from the service of advocating a right intellectual idea against a wrong, were ready to come into a more true, living, affectionate intercourse with Heaven.

This brings us back to the practical tendencies of our worship,—the point from which we started. The ultra spiritualism, or, as it ought rather to be called, the godless intellectualism, of the present day discards the devotional phraseology of the Old Testament, warns us against degrading the Deity by clothing our conceptions of him in concrete terms, as if we were in danger of a new mythology, or as if our language were the guardian of the Almighty's dignity; and bids us express our devotions in the most general and abstract phraseology we can possibly command. This we hold to be a part of a dry, barren, unscriptural religious system. The Old Testament gives us better models of worship than our modern collections of prayers, or many of our modern services in sanctuaries. The Psalms of David are a better manual of devotion than our abstract, fine spun and generalizing meditations. How alive those old pages are with vivid metaphors and synonyms for expressing the Divine nature! How peopled they are with various, moving, breathing imagery, helping upward the sluggish aspirations! The endless figures they introduce neutralize each other's falsity, and by suggesting to the mind now one form and now another, now a human association and now a material one, they are really most true at once to the infinite, inconceivable, incomprehensible Object to whom our prayers are addressed, and to our finite capacity.

There is too much of the intellect in our devotions, too little of the heart. We pray with the understanding more than with the affections. Our language follows the same tendency and promotes it; afraid of the concrete, it grows feebly vague. Proud of what it calls spiritualism, it misses the warmth of a vital piety.—Boasting much that we know God as a father, we know him at best only as a father afar off. The preacher praying in the pulpit soliloquizes on the laws of nature and the philosophy of our ethical and mental constitution. We assert that the Deity exists. Do we feel the Holy Spirit moving upon our hearts! Do we reverence the Creator who walketh upon the wings of the wind? Do we bend our knees to the Judge and Sovereign in the skies? Do we lean with child-like trust on the arm outstretched from Heaven? Were our prayers more simple, there might be more faith in our hearts.

WAKEFULNESS AND SLEEP.

During the day the approach of sleep is an intrusion. We rouse ourselves and repel it, while a few hours after we woo its visitations as if in them were the very refreshment and blessedness of life. May it not be that death, when it comes with old age, as the result of natural decays, should approach as sleep does to the weary man at night. Is sleep but the fair symbol of death, or its counterpart?

"How wonderful is death,
Death and his brother Sleep!
One pale as yonder waning moon,
With lips of lurid blue,
The other, rosy as the morn
When, throned on ocean's wave
It blushes o'er the world:
Yet both so passing wonderful!"

If called upon for illustrations of the goodness of Providence, we should select among the very first, this ordination of night and sleep. Without it, mankind rushing in one unbroken career of excitement, would go mad. One of the first symptoms of insanity, and one great hinderance, to its recovery, is sleeplessness. Without the interruption of sleep, the passions and excitements now short-lived, would establish a monotonous despotism over the soul. All day long we may have been hurried away in the fever of life, no stay, no stop; but at night a benignant law of nature, more powerful than our passions, and gentle as powerful, touches our lids, and they droop into slumber. The world fleets by, its passions fade out, we lie islanded in peace—a calm island in the midst of the stormy main. The competitions of business are forgotten, the irritations of the day are allayed, and anger, and ambition and the fretting jealousies of life sink down like dust on the road we travel. We lie for hours, bathed, as, in celestial dews, in this holy, soothing element of slumber. We rise on in the morning with calmer and more equal spirits, with all the wisdom of the day which has past and without its passions, to begin a new day.

Men talk of the Sabbath as a waste of time; as if it were inconsistant with the order of Providence;—and yet it is Providence which establishes a Sabbath in every twenty-four hours which we must observe. Is it surprising that He should appoint other seasons of rest, leaving it for purposes of moral discipline to our free choice whether we will regard them or not.

How terrible then the sleepless night! One of the most pitiless tortures of the inquisition was that of robbing the prisoner in his dungeon of sleep;—and yet some of our readers must know what this sore calamity is. There are not a few who dread to retire at night, from fear of the wakeful hours before them. At first, such a one fancies that he is sinking into slumber, but presently a passing sound—a rustling upon the window—a heavier breathing of a child, arouses him to full consciousness. The clock tolls the hour of midnight over the sleeping city. He lies striving to possess himself in peace, but his ear has grown morbidly acute. He hears the faint pulses of a distant serenade, and the music of the day is the fever of the night. He hears the footfalls of revellers returning from their haunts, or of the physician hastening to some chamber of sickness,—when lo! the clock strikes one, and after another similar hour strikes two, and he is no nearer his haven. He will not yield to the restless fever that is on him. He shuts his eyes, and presently, unawares, finds them open. He looks in vision at flocks of sheep which on the mountain-side pursue each other like an endless chain over the broken wall. He follows the waves with his eyes, and is cradled on their equal motion;— but it is all in vain. Another hour and yet another go by, the wheels of the early market-men are in the street; footsteps begin to patter along the frozen side-walk, children that have slept without a dream are moving restlessly in their slumber; and now when the first streaks of day are touching the clouds, utterly exhausted, he sinks into a dull lethargy, the mockery of healthful sleep.

But sleepless nights end not of themselves. In time the mind loses, in a manner, its self-control during the day. The nervous system seems to be made of threads of glass, and while the man is exempted from none of the labors of life, he is unfitted both in body and in mind for performing them. They who have this experience, understand the benediction of the Mariner on this great refreshment of nature,

"Oh Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul."

May we not hope that in Heaven's sight at least, the moral responsibility of those whose nights are nights of waking, is greatly diminished.

But this is not all. A good sleeper can in a manner afford to keep a bad conscience. At any rate, in company by day, and in slumber by night, he can keep out of its way. But woe unto the wakeful, who have evil deeds to remember, or aught to fear in the future! There is something in darkness which gives a strange power to unpleasant thoughts. One becomes hopeless in the dark, perhaps because he is so powerless, and frightful imaginations dilate like summer clouds, and worse than ghosts haunt the long wakeful hours. Let him who does not easily sleep, if possible, fill his life with worthy and useful deeds, for he will not have to wait until a future life for the terrors of retribution.

We would say to the young, avoid every custom which tends to create this habit of wakefulness. It is disastrous folly to intertere with needed and natural rest. We think that Mrs. Bowring must have been a bad sleeper, or she never would have made the words of the Psalmist—"He giveth his beloved sleep,"—the text of one of her most exquisite poems.

"Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward unto souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep—
Now tell me if that any is
For gift or grace, surpassing this,—
'He giveth His beloved sleep'?"

MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

We speak knowingly and deliberately, when we say that a safer, worthier and more useful investment of religious charity cannot be made, than in this Institution. It is hardly possible to overestimate its importance to the cause of liberal Christianity, and of religious intelligence in the West. It has already filled several of the most influential pulpits in our own denomination, for which we in New England had no fit men to spare, and for which too, even our best ministers in this region would be less eligible incumbents, than those who have been trained to familiarity with the much that is peculiar in Western life and manners. We need not tell our readers that the Meadville Professors are men of learning, industry and piety; but we will tell them that we know no men more fervently devoted to their work than they. They do not confine themselves to set seasons and modes of instruction; but make the maintenance, the comfort, the social standing and the general improvement of the students, the object of their unwearied counsel and effort. It is modestly said in the Circular that "one Professor gives his services."—It would not be too much to say that this Professor coins his whole being into offices of instruction, supervision and charity for the school and its individual members, that he is not only independent of, but in various ways a constant contributor to its funds, and that metaphors drawn from the most tender relations of domestic life could alone adequately express his devotion to its interests. He it is that offers the building lot of four acres, in a situation of almost unrivaled salubrity and beauty, while the *ten thousand* dollars are pledged by his father, who has already contributed largely both to the current expenses and the permanent fund.

The theological education given at Meadville is sound and thorough. Those, who are qualified for a complete course, are carried through the entire circle of studies pursued in our best New England Seminaries, and are more amply provided with text-books than at any other institution of the kind, while of the most important books of reference the supply is much larger than might be inferred from the number of books in the library; for the selection has been made with the utmost care and at a large cost of time and research. The students, who cannot avail themselves of a complete scholastic education, are still instructed accurately and thoroughly so far as they can and will go. For them the process is not that of top-finishing; but what labor is bestowed is laid out upon the foundation, and those, who leave the School with but a slender stock of knowledge, are yet endowed with ground-principles on which they may build for themselves, and with such intellectual tastes and habits as tend to make them improving men, and the friends of free inquiry and sound learning. At the same time their spiritual cultivation is not neglected. The Professors, by precepts, example and influence, cherish a sound scriptural faith and a high tone of practical piety, while there are numerous opportunities, in destitute neighborhoods within a circle of twelve or twenty miles, for the discharge of such missionary labors as prepare the students for the active duties of the ministry.

We would also plead for this School, on the ground that there is the most ample security for the future that its funds will not be wasted, dilapidated or misapplied. Its interests are in the hands of intelligent, high-minded and benevolent men, who are deeply impressed with the sacredness of their trust, and who cherish the deepest personal interest in its successful discharge.—Their financial skill has already been exhibited in the management of contributions, which, without careful husbanding, would have fallen short of the necessary expenses from year to year, but which have already created a permanent fund of *seven thousand* dollars. The fund has been, and however large, will be, gratuitously taken care of and administered by persons, who are equally above the need and the desire of personal emolument, and who have no object more at heart than the permanent establishment of this favorite Institution.

Rev. Mr. Eliot's feeble health will probably prevent him from accepting his agency in behalf of the School. Professor Stebbins will visit the Atlantic cities early in January, and, as his time is precious, he would suggest that our friends, who are so minded, be ready with their gifts, "that there be no gatherings when he comes." Without farther comment, we will leave the Boards of Trust and Instruction to speak for themselves through their CIRCULAR.

The Theological School, at Meadville, Pa., has been in operation six years, and has now entered upon its seventh. The circumstances under which it was established, and the objects which it contemplates, have been frequently and fully laid before the public, in the "Register" and "Inquirer," and other religious papers; and especially in "A Report to the American Unitarian Association," by Prof. Stebbins, and more minutely still, in "a Letter from Prof. Huidekoper to the Rev. H. W. Bellows."

In the first of those documents it is stated, that the experiment of establishing the School was successful far beyond the expectations of its most devoted friends, and that there was no reason to believe that it would not become a permanent Institution. Still we declined asking for an endowment and permanent buildings, as we were determined not to solicit funds, till the case was perfectly clear, and thus an inviting one to all who wish to make a safe and eminently useful investment of their charitable gifts. This was more than *five* years ago. In the latter document, Prof. Huidekoper published an estimate of the funds that would be needed, in case the School should succeed, and should call for aid to put it upon a permanent basis. They were as follows —annually—

One Professor's Salary,	$1,000
Half Salary of a Professor, [This estimate is on the supposition that the Secretary here would pay the other half for his services as preacher.]	500
Contingent expenses,	500
Increase of Library,	100
	$2,100
This sum at six per cent. represents a capital of	$35,000
A building for Chapel, Library, Lecture Rooms, Dormitories and Refectory, with furniture, &c.,	10,000
Amounting in all to	$45,000

It will be perceived that no estimate is made for the support of indigent students, which amounts to about one thousand dollars annually, nor for the entire services of a second Professor, which are needed. It will also be observed, that one Professor *gives* his services to the School, the failure of whose health would add to our expenses the salary of another Professor, or increase still more the labors of those now sufficiently burdened.

The estimate *certainly falls within* the reasonable expenses of the School. The estimate was made more than *three* years ago.

The School has continued to prosper. We believe that it is NOW PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED. The number of students who have entered this year, is *fourteen*, which is above the average number. The whole number in the School is *thirty-one*.

The Library, including text-books, contains 5,400 volumes.

The productive property of the School is about $7,000. These funds are the carefully husbanded contributions of our friends, and an assurance, we think, that whatever we may receive hereafter will be well managed.

Such is the condition of the School, which we have thus brought before you. Such is the state of our funds, the offerings of affection to its infant existence.

We now come to our friends, in accordance with suggestions heretofore made, to receive their ready gifts to put the School upon a permanent basis. We believe, and our friends, we have the confidence to think, will agree with us, that no smaller sum should be raised than the one proposed in Prof. Huidekoper's estimate, quoted above. We have received a pledge from a reliable source in this place, that a lot of four acres, beautifully situated for the erection of a building, and TEN THOUSAND dollars shall be given when forty thousand are raised elsewhere. We suppose that there are *forty persons* who would be happy to raise that sum, and secure to us the other ten thousand now pledged. At all events, the officers of the School do not feel justified in letting such an offer pass by without giving our friends due notice of what they can do for us. *We therefore ask for that sum*, believing that there are those whose hands the Lord has filled with his bounty, who would consider it a privilege to raise it for us at once. Rev. Mr. Eliot, of St. Louis, and Prof. Stebbins, have been chosen agents of the School, and one or both will *soon* visit our friends and personally receive their gifts. They will communicate to all who may wish to learn further, such particulars respecting the School as may be desired. We will not permit ourselves to doubt that their reception will be as welcome and their success as great, as our object is worthy, and our expectations strong, and thus our Sabbatical year be changed into one of Jubilee.

In behalf of the Meadvile Theological School,
H. J. HUIDEKOPER,
President of the Board of Trustees.
RUFUS P. STEBBINS,
President of the Board of Instruction.
Meadville, Dec. 3, 1850.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Henry Vaughan, the poet, was born in 1621, and died April 23d, 1695. He was a physician, was twice married, and wrote most of his poems at least forty years before his death. They attracted little notice at the time they were first published, and his name held no conspicuous place among our English poets. He had not, like George Herbert whose poems he greatly delighted in, an Izaak Walton to commemorate his virtues, though he was something of a fisherman even "in his riper and more thoughtful years." We first met and were greatly pleased with five or six of his small poems in "Gems of Sacred Poetry," the first volume of which is made up of the best selections that we have ever met with from the old English poets. We have just procured a volume published by Pickering, London, 1847, which contains all Vaughan's sacred poems. The best unquestionably, are those which we were before acquainted with; but there is originality and deep religious feeling in all—a serene submissiveness of spirit, a cheerfulness of trust, which wins its way into the heart and infuses its own peacefulness wherever it goes. They can never be extensively popular. The vein of sentiment is too fine, the thought too subtile, the illustrations are far-fetched and sometimes obscure, and the most beautiful passages are sometimes deformed by an out-landish word or conceit. But in certain moods of mind not even George Herbert's finest lines please and refresh us more than these of Vaughan, or seem to breathe more purely the spirit of a devout, unquestioning and loving faith.

"There is a good deal of variety in his rhythms; his rhymes are often imperfect, and the lines sometimes harsh and laborious in their movements, while at other times there is an aerial smoothness in their flow or a childish, jubilant merriment and glee in the very action of the verse, as in the following, which is called "Peace."

My Soul there is a Countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a winged Sentrie
All skilfull in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crowned with smiles,
And one born in a Manger
Commands the Beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
And (O my Soul awake!)
Did in pure love descend,
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There growes the flowre of peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortresse, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure,
But One, who never changes,
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

How clear the ringing of the verse in the lines beginning:

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my Angel infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, Celestial thought;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face.

In the following thoughts on retiring to rest, how different the rhymth, and how admirably adapted to the sentiment!

Prayer is
The world in tune,
A spirit voice,
And vocal joys,
Whose echo is heaven's bliss,
O let me climb
When I lie down! The pious soul by night
Is like a clouded star, whose beams, though said
To shed their light
Under some cloud,
Yet are above,
And shine and move
Beyond that mistie shroud.
So in my bed,
That curtained grave, though sleep, like ashes, hide
My lamp and life, both shall in thee abide.

His "Rainbow," has some of the grandest lines ever written on the subject.

How bright wert thou, when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnish't, flaming Arch did first descry!
When Terah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful worlds gray fathers in one knot,
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair,
Forms turn to Music, clouds to smiles and air.
* * * * * *
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distant and low, I can in thine see Him,
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the Covenant 'twixt all and one.

The reader is at once reminded of Campbell's fine stanza, which undoubtedly was borrowed from this.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's Covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's gray fathers forth
To watch thy sacred shine!

We much prefer the older poet, who greatly excells his imitator in richness of language and grandeur of sentiment.

There are pithy sentiments given in fitting language. In a piece called "The Seed growing Secretly," are these words respecting those who seek help to their virtues in outward glory.

What needs a conscience; calm and bright
Within itself, an outward test?
Who breaks his glass to seek more light,
Makes way for storms into his rest.
Then bless thy secret growth, nor catch
At noise, but thrive unseen and dumb;
Keep clean, bear fruit, earn life, and watch,
Till the white winged Reapers come!

How does this last line lift the whole passage up from didactic prose to inspired poetry!

The following little piece called "The Queer," though it may seem extravagant to some, is to us charming alike in thought and word. It reminds one a little of Coleridge's favorite lines.

Tell me, on what holy ground
May domestic peace be found?

None but the most poetic imagination could conceive the third line, which reminds one of Emerson's lines, "should string Monadnoc like a bead."

O tell me whence that joy doth spring,
Whose diet is divine and fair,
Which wears heaven like a bridal ring,
And tramples on doubt and despair?
Whose Eastern traffique deals in bright
And boundless Empyrean themes,
Mountains of spice, Day-stars and light,
Green trees of life, and living streams?
Tell me, O tell, who did thee bring,
And here without my knowledge placed;
Till thou didst grow and get a wing,
A wing with eyes, and eyes that taste?
Sure *holyness* the *Magnet* is,
And *Love* the *Lure*, that woos thee down:
Which makes the high transcendent bliss
Of knowing thee, so rarely known!

In reference to man's restlessness and wanderings from God we have these lines.

He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where;
He says it is so far,
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

Wandering in his garden after the loss of a dear friend, the poet remembers a "gallant flower" that he had seen there in the summer, and not satisfied with what appears upon the surface now in the winter, he says,

I digged about
That place that I had seen him to grow out;
And by and by
I saw the warm recluse alone to lie,
Where fresh and green
He lived of us unseen.

This leads to many a comforting thought; and the fact that

A poor root
Which all the winter sleeps here under foot,
And hath no wings
To raise it to the truth and light of things,

should "such doctrine" teach, awakens deeper emotions, and he prays:

O Thou! whose spirit did at first inflame
And warm the dead,
And by a sacred Incubation fed
With life this frame,
Which once had neither being, forme, nor name;
Grant I may so
Thy steps track here below,
That in these Masques and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way;
And by those hid ascents climb to that day,
Which breaks from Thee,
Who art in all things, though invisibly!
Shew me thy peace,
Thy mercy, love, and ease!
And from this Care, where dreams and sorrows reign,
Lead me above,
Where Light, Joy, and Leisure, and true Comforts move
Without all pain;
There, hid in thee, shew me his life again,
At whose dumbe urn
Thus all the year I mourn!

This feeling in regard to darkness is evidently a favorite one, and is several times repeated in different forms and connections, as thus:

There is in God, some say,
A deep but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear.
O for that night! where I in Him
Might live invisible and dim!

But with this mysticism and the love of night, there are wise, kind and cheerful thoughts in relation to our duties. In "The true Christmas" he tells us not to regard too much the pomp and show of the day.

His life while here, as well as birth,
Was but a check to pomp and mirth;
And all man's greatness you may see
Condemned by his humility.
Then leave your open house and noise,
To welcome him with holy joys,
And the poor shepherd's watchfulness;
Whom light and hymns from heaven did bless.
What you abound with cast abroad
To those that want, and ease your load.
Who empties thus will bring more in,
But riot is both loss and sin.
Dress finely what comes not in sight,
And then you keep your Christmas right.

The piece entitled Rules and Lessons, commencing with the words,

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like,

is full of wise maxims by which to preserve our religious faith amid the cares of life and the world. Is not a most important truth beautifully hinted in these exquisite lines!

If a star
Should leave the sphere,
She must first mar
Her flaming wear,
And after, fall; for in her dress
Of glory, she cannot transgress.

In the following lines is the expression of an experience the most pure that a regenerate soul can know.

When first I saw true beauty, and thy joys
Active as light, and calm without all noise,
Shin'd on my soul, I felt through all my powr's
Such a rich air of sweets, as Evening showrs
Fand by a gentle gale Convey, and breathe
On some parch'd bank, crown'd with a flowrie wreath;
Odors, and Myrrh, and balm in one rich flood
O'r-ran my heart, spirited my blood;
My thoughts did swim in Comforts, and mine eie
Confest, *The world did only paint and lie.*
And where before I did no safe Course steer,
But wander'd under tempests all the year;
Went bleak and bare in body as in mind,
And was blow'n through by every storm and wind,
I am so warm'd now by this glance on me,
That midst all storms I feel a Ray of thee.

He asks in one place for "that faithful zeal, which neither faints nor wildly burns," and in another place he prays:

Give me humility and peace,
Contented thoughts, innocious ease,
A sweet, revengeless, quiet mind,
And to my greatest haters kind.
Give me, my God! a heart as milde
And plain, as when I was a childe.
That when *thy Throne is set*, and all
These *Conquerors* before it fall,
I may be found preserv'd by thee
Amongst that chosen company,
Who by no blood here overcame
But the blood of the *blessed Lamb*.

Vaughan suffered early in the loss of friends, and death had become to him not only a consecrated but a bright and beautiful thought. He associates it with all pleasant images, and the grave itself becomes cheerful.

O calm and sacred bed, where lies
In death's dark mysteries
A beauty far more bright
Than the noon's cloudless light;
For whose dry dust green branches bud,
And robes are bleached in the Lamb's blood.
* * * * * *
When shall we hear that Saviour's voice
Of life and joys?
That voice, which to each secret bed
Of my Lord's dead,
Shall bring true day, and make dust see
The way to immortality?
* * * * * *
I search and rack my soul to see
Those beams again;
But nothing but the snuff to me
Appeareth plain.
That, dark and dead, sleeps in its known
And common urn;
But those, fled to their Maker's throne,
There shine and burn.
* * * * * *
They are all gone into the world of light!
And I alone sit lingering here!
Their memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.
It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest
After the Sun's remove.
I see them walking in an Air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days;
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Meer glimmering and decays.
O holy hope! and high humility!
High as the Heavens above!
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me
To kindle my cold love.
Dear, beauteous death; the Jewel of the Just!
Shining no where but in the dark;
What mysteries do lie beyond the dust,
Could man outlook that mark!
He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know
At first sight if the bird be flown;
But what fair Dell or Grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.
And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams
Call to the soul when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theams,
And into glory peep.
If a star were confin'd into a Tomb,
Her captive flames must needs burn there;
But when the hand that lockt her up gives room,
She'd shine through all the sphere.
O Father of eternal life, and all
Created glories under thee!
Resume thy spirit from this world of thrall
Into true liberty!
Either disperse these mists, which blot and fill
My perspective still as they pass;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass.

If there are, in any language, finer stanzas on death, lines more touched with the tenderness of bereaved affection, and at the same time more irradiated with the light of an humble but triumphant faith, we rejoice for the sake of those whose privilege it is to be refreshed and strengthened by them. It is pleasant to know that after living seventy-three years, Vaughan died in humility and hope, leaving behind "a picture of one who lived to God rather than to man."

CHRISTMAS.

Next Wednesday is Christmas day. It has been a gratification to us to see from year to year a growing respect for this day, manifested in its more general observance. If there be any day which it is wise and well for us to set apart in commemoration of the past, this is certainly one. Our annual Thanksgiving is a local custom. Christmas day belongs to the whole Christian church. It commemorates an event, which Catholic and Protestant alike believe to have been the most important in the history of man. It is a day of Christian union. Different sects may disagree in regard to the particular benefits resulting from Christ's advent, but all, though it may be for different reasons, attribute it to an equal importance. It shows the fullness of life in Christ, that, from whatever side He is regarded, he still appears at the centre and the summit of the moral history of man. On Him all the great lines of preceding history converge, and from him as from a central sun, the light streams forth again over the world. We would have this day observed, because it calls to mind that which more than any other has been the blessedness of the earth, nearly all which we most value is traceable to the mission of Christ. Let a man single out whatever is of highest worth in society, in domestic life, in individual culture or hope and he finds himself obliged to say, "this we should not have had, except for the coming of Christ." We would observe the day as a means towards Christian union; for the common observance shows, that if we disagree on subordinate points, we are united in honoring Christ as the Way, the Truth, and the Life, as the Mediator, and the Redeemer. As the chime of the Christmas bells is heard over the breadth of Christendom, it should remind us that we are still brethren of a common faith; and in the domestic enjoyment to which custom has associated with the day, let us remember that we are scarcely less indebted to Christ for the blessings of our homes, than we are for our hopes of heaven.

[For the Register.]

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS INSTITUTE.

According to previous announcement, the first meeting of the Institute was held on Monday evening last, at the Chapel of the Church of the Saviour.

Rev. Dr. Peabody delivered a very impressive discourse upon "teaching the Bible authoritatively." He spoke of the insufficiency of reason, intuition and simple consciousness, to teach us the truths of the Bible. To the Christian Revelation alone we owe our faith in them, and we must teach them to our pupils with authority, as Christ himself taught them to his followers. The importance of having teachers who have an unwavering faith in the truths of the Gospel, and who shall never falter in their trust, was dwelt upon with much force. After the conclusion of the lecture, to which any mere synopsis must be great injustice, a hymn was sung.

Gideon F. Thayer Esq., as the Conductor of the Institute for the evening, then offered some excellent suggestions upon the objects of S. S. teaching, the requisites of the S. S. teacher, and gave a brief synopsis of some of the Catechisms used in our younger classes. He gave many useful hints to help the teacher to impart his instructions successfully. He stated the manner in which the Institutes for the teachers of our secular schools were conducted, and expressed the desire that all would take an active part in these Institutes for S. S. teachers, asking questions of the Conductor, and answering such as he should propound. Some questions were asked and promptly answered by the Conductor this evening in reference to the duties and difficulties of teaching. Mr. Thayer's remarks were conceived in so happy a spirit, and delivered in so animated and cheering a manner, that we feel confident that they left an abiding impression on the hearts of the teachers present.

The meeting was closed with singing the Doxology and a Benediction by Dr. Peabody.—The Chapel contained about 300 persons, a larger audience than has attended any meeting of the Teachers' Social Union for several years. The Institute has started under very favorable and cheering auspices, and we firmly trust that the future meetings will be as interesting and as well attended as was the first. C.

LETTER FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

San Francisco, Sunday, Oct. 27, 1850.

DEAR MOTHER;—I have just returned from Church, and having a few moments before dinner time, I spend it in commencing a letter for the next Steamer. This morning for the first time since I left home, I have listened to a Unitarian Discourse by Rev. Mr. Farley. A Unitarian Society has been organized to day, (its first meeting) and was well attended. Its meetings are to be held for the present in the Atheneum Hall. A choir has been formed, with a Bass Viol for instrumental music. The subject of the Discourse this morning was, The Christian Life as the only true Life. I will from time to time, give you some account of the progress of the Unitarian Society, which I presume will be interesting to you.

Sunday Evening. This evening attended a meeting of the Pacific Tract Society; heard several very good speeches from Rev. gentlemen, and others. This Society has been in operation about six months. It has been the means of doing much good. It is considered the best, and perhaps it is the only means by which the miners of our *State* can receive religious instruction. This Society, as also the Bible Society, which observed the first anniversary of its organization this evening, have been the means of doing much good, not only to our own countrymen, but to many foreigners, more particularly among the Chinese, Spanish or Mexican population. They are quite as eager to receive, as the others are to give their books, which are published in their tongue. The agent of the Tract Association informed us of the great demand made upon him by the Mexicans for books —*Libros' Espanol*'—more than be could supply. He spoke of their gratitude for the gift of books. He says he has many inquiries for large works in Spanish, and even for whole libraries. The Mexicans seem to have the idea that our superiority consists in our better education, and our many advantages in regard to learning, reading &c. They are therefore very eager to purchase Spanish books that they may learn. They seem also to manifest a spirit of inquiry, wishing to know much about the religion of the Americans. One of the gentlemen who spoke this evening related an instance of a Spanish man and wife who had buried a child, and paid an enormous sum of money to the Priest who attended the funeral. This woman asked if the American *Padre* or minister demanded a fee for attending a funeral, and when told that they did not, seemed much surprised. The same gentleman observed that since he has been in California he had known of two instances in which men professing to be Christian ministers have demanded and received money for making a prayer of Consolation at the burial of the dead, one received ten and the other twenty dollars. This shows that some at least among the Protestant ministers came to California to make money. They were attracted by the Gold and not by the Sin, and the field white for the harvest which wanted laborers—not to gather gold —but to impart to this people the truths of the Bible, and lead them back to the path of Christian duty from which so many have strayed.

In my last letter I sent you my name written in the Chinese language. It was executed by a young Chinese about eighteen years of age, who is very intelligent. He came to the store with some of his companions who are customers to us. They spent two nights with us. Last evening we became very much

Since I last wrote I have attended a Temperance meeting held at the Seamen's Bethel on the same street (Sansome) with our office. Listened to a number of speeches which were very interesting. Have had remarkable weather since I have been in San Francisco; very mild and pleasant. The middle of the day is quite warm, but as a general thing the temperature is such as to allow us cold water and hard butter. We are not, in my opinion, liable or likely to suffer much from the Cholera at San Francisco. Yours &c. C. A. H.

Notices of New Publications.

RICHARD EDNEY AND THE GOVERNOR'S FAMILY, BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET" AND "PHILO." Phillips & Sampson.

We admire the author's mind and heart, as exhibited in his previous works, and yet they contain so much of the grotesque and irrelevant, and violate so many of the conventional canons of art and taste, as greatly to mar our enjoyment in reading them. This new tale manifests equal genius with the others, and is redolent of the same spirit of hopeful and loving piety, while in sustained dignity and purity of style, in the consistency and naturalness of its plot, and in the symmetry of its artistical proportions it surpasses them beyond any terms of comparison. There is indeed but one chapter, (and an occasional reference to its contents in the sequel,) that breaks in upon the rhetorical unity of the book; and that is very justly entitled "A chapter respecting which there is a doubt whether it ought to be introduced." We have no doubt, though the chapter printed by itself would make an ingenious allegory and a felicitous bit of satire on the times. "Richard Edney" is a young man who comes from the country to seek employment in a saw-mill in a city not very unlike the capital of Maine, and who, by dint of his initial resolution "to be good and to do good," overcomes weighty obstacles, outlives malignant calumnies, becomes a pillar of the church and the state, effects in common ways a large amount of benefit for his fellow-citizens. The character-painting throughout is exquisitely fine. There are some passages of descriptive writing, which we have seldom seen equalled, never excelled. We might specify under this head the snow-storm in the first chapter, and the scene of childish fun and frolic in the *sixth*, —a chapter which a childless man could no more have written, than a monkey could have built the pyramids. The story, by turns amusing and pathetic, lingering on domestic details and hurrying through painfully exciting incidents, but always interesting, abounds in the greatest suggestions as to practical philanthropy, and without pretention or cant inculcates lessons of religious faith and trust, —not of asthetic, sentimental will-worship, but of that elder fashion of piety, which feeds on the word of God and the ordinances of the Gospel. We forbear further analysis and comments; for our object is not to forestall or supersede, but to induce the perusal of a book, which will carry a blessing wherever it goes.

THE FIRST CHURCH IN PROVIDENCE, not the oldest of the Baptists in America. Attempted to be shown by S. Adlam, Pastor of the First Church in Newport R. I. Newport: Cranston & Norman's Power Press. 1850.

A very clear, cogent and, to our mind, irresistible argument against the hitherto taken for granted title of the Providence Church to be called the oldest of its order in Rhode Island and America. We confess we have been astonished that this point should have been suffered to remain so long unexposed;—we are astonished at the—recklessness, (we had almost said,) with which the records of the Providence Church were drawn up on this point, as well as at the negligence of the ecclesiastical antiquarians in our sister city. It now appears plainly from Mr. Adlam's lucid pamphlet that the present First Baptist Church in Providence did not begin till 1652 (instead of 1639 its assumed date) and that the First Church in Newport is her senior by eight years, having been founded in 1644, and is thus not only the oldest church in Rhode Island, but the mother church of the Baptists in America. "We know that in the year 1651 the Newport Church had members in Lynn and in Rehoboth, Mass.; and that persons came from Connecticut to unite with it. The case of the brethren in Rehoboth is peculiarly in point. In 1650 they left the Congregationalists and became Baptists. If at that time, a Church had existed in Providence, a neighboring town, how natural that they should unite with it, so near and so easy of access, and not go all the way down to Newport to unite with the church there."

* * * Before 1652 some work had been performed in Massachusetts; the Baptist standard has been lifted up on its high places. Enough had been done by that time to lay the foundation for a Baptist Church in Boston in 1665, and to lead the first President of Cambridge College so to look at the subject as ultimately to become a Baptist. Who did that work? The members of the Newport Church."

There are many other curious particulars in the pamphlet, and altogether it is a valuable contribution towards what is so much to be desired, a History of Newport. It will doubtless stir up to new historical zeal our Providence neighbors, some of whose old records it shows up in no very flattering light.

BEARD'S BIBLICAL ATLAS. London, Simpkins, Marshall & Co. 1849.

This is one of the volumes to which we have already referred, as prepared by Dr. Beard. It contains an introductory sketch of Geography, and this is followed by a Biblical Gazetteer in which may be found a short account of all the places mentioned in Scripture. The introduction and the Gazetteer are both brief, being embraced in 42 pages. The value of the work however consists principally in its carefully prepared maps. It would be difficult for Sunday School teachers to find those better fitted for their use. They are six in number. 1. A map of the Ancient world, showing the origin of nations according to Genesis X. and the Assyrian, Babylonian, Persian and Roman Empires. 2. The world as known in the time of our Lord. 3. Sketches of the Lake of Gallilee and of Jerusalem with its environs, as they now are. 4. Palestine, ancient and modern. 5. Three different plans of modern Jerusalem by Kiepart, Robinson & Kraffi. 6. Map of Lower Egypt, Sinai, and Arabia Petræa. To those who wish for maps of this description we can commend this volume.

The work is for sale by Crosby & Nichols and at a price much reduced from its cost in England.

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF RATIONALISM IN GERMANY. By Amand Saintes, London: Simpkins & Co. 1849.

Crosby & Nichols have received from England a series of volumes published by Rev. Dr. Beard, which, owing to arrangements that they have made, they are able to sell at considerably less than the English price. Among them are Schumann's Introduction to the Old and New Testament, a volume of Sermons by Dr. Beard on the Divine in Christianity and a very excellent Biblical Atlas.

Of the volume at the head of this article, we gave some months ago, an extended account. It contains a most elaborate and painstaking history of Rationalism in Germany, and although the particular speculations and conclusions of the author may not always be satisfactory, the book is evidently pervaded by honesty and fidelity in its statement of facts. It is by far the most complete and the best account in English of that great movement which goes under the general name of Rationalism. It is a work which every theological student and every reader who wishes to understand the condition of this great subject will do well to consult. We are glad that it can be procured in this country.

POETRY AND PROSE, by Mrs. Charlotte A Gerauld, with a Memoir by Henry Brown. A. Tompkins.

The Memoir of a young person of superior natural endowments, and singular purity of taste, principle and character. Her brief life had few striking incidents, but many interesting and edifying experiences, and its record will be read with deep sympathy and sincere admiration. Her Prose writings have great literary merit, and indicate refined feeling and a high moral purpose. Her Poetry is valuable, less as the fruit of original or transcendent poetical genius, than as the rhythmical and graceful expression of those sentiments of friendship, enthusiasm and devotion, which lose none of their freshness by repetition, and to which custom has appropriated a metrical garb as preferable to the looser robe of prose discourse.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Nos. 343. and 344.

The first of these numbers contains an admirable article on Water. It is an article in literary and scientific merits, such as rarely appears. It is followed by the address of Sir David Brewster upon the Progress of the Sciences. The second number contains an elaborate account of the French Wars of Religion. They contain beside these, the usual number of articles of a lighter description. Among others the continuation of Bulwer's new novel. Littell has now many competitors. But if a person wishes to take but a single periodical, there is no one that we should sooner recommend. It will be found to contain nearly all of the foreign periodical literature worth reading.

B. H. Green has for sale the following books for children:

PEBBLES FROM THE SEA SHORE; or LISSIE'S FIRST GLEANINGS. By a Father; one of the few books that are written by persons who really know how to write for the young, page after page consisting of words of one or two syllables, simple in meaning, and yet so chosen and used as to lay open the sublime laws and mysteries of the ocean and the interesting facts of natural history pertaining to it. Also,—

THE ROSE-BUD, A JUVENILE KEEPSAKE. By Susan W. Jewitt; containing prose, poetry and pictures designed for children of a more advanced age than the preceding, say twelve years old. Also,

Four of the first numbers of THE SNOW DROP, A JUVENILE MAGAZINE, edited by Mrs. Cushing and Mrs. Cheney at Montreal,—the latter of whom is favorably known already in New England as a writer. Each number contains 32 pages covered with a great variety of miscellaneous matter calculated to entertain the young, and chosen with good taste and a regard to moral principle. We notice among the contents, stories, verse, engravings, music, conundrums and anecdotes. Parents would do well to examine copies at Mr. Green's before New Year's.

Godey's Lady's Book for January is embellished by engravings of unusual merit and has its usual variety of interesting articles.

Crosby & Nichols have published a new edition of Rev. A. P. Peabody's Sermons of Consolation with six new sermons. There is no volume of sermons which we have found so generally acceptable to families in affliction as this; and we rejoice to learn that a new edition has been called for. We can most heartily recommend it not only to those who are afflicted, but to all who would be led through the temple of divine worship in the light and spirit of our religion.

Shakspeare's Dramatic works, Nos. 28 and 29. Boston.

SELECTIONS FROM FENELON. A new edition of this admirable book has just been published by James Monroe & Co. Except the Bible, there is no book that we would more gladly place in the hands of all young persons to quicken and guide their devotions, and lead them wisely and cheerfully on in a religious life.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN. We have received from the publishers C. S. & J. H. Francis, the following excellent books for children—all handsomely printed and illustrated.

The History of Sandford & Morton, By Thomas Day, Esq. The Book of entertainment, of curiosities and wonders in nature, art and mind.

A gift book of stories and poems for children. By Caroline Gilman.

Every day Book of Pleasant Reading. Illustrated by fifty engravings.

Happy hours: or, The Home Story Book. By Mary Cherwell. With illustrations from designs by Gilbert.

Tales of Domestic Life: By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Stories of the Instinct of Animals, their character and habits. By Thomas Bingley.

Wonderful Tales from Denmark. By Hans Christian Anderson. A new translation with illustrations.

A Treasury of Pleasure Books for young children—containing Little Bo-Peep, Simple Simon, Mother Goose, Cock Robin, The three Bears, &c., &c.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW OF THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS. By Joseph R. Thompson, Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church.

This is a calm and scholarly examination of such scriptural precepts and examples as bear upon the duty of a Christian, under the recent enactment of our national Legislature. Of course, it recognizes the right of the fugitive to shelter and protection. We commend this pamphlet as embodying the Christian principles which ought to be recognized under the present emergency, and as free from declamatory violence and denunciation, which are as untimely now, as they are always unchristian.

"WE OUGHT TO OBEY GOD RATHER THAN MAN." A Sermon for the times, by Augustus Woodbury of Concord, N. H

This sermon, in chaste and manly eloquence of discussion and appeal, sets forth the paramount claims of the "higher law" above such human enactments as disallow or ignore it. We have made by means of it our first acquaintance with the good gifts of one, who gives promise of occupying a very high place among the most faithful, earnest and efficient ministers.

CECILLA AND ANNETTE, with other Tales. From the French of Madame Guizot. A. Tompkins.

With those who have read any of Madame Guizot's Tales, it is enough to say, that these are well translated, beautifully printed, and adapted to be one of the best of the smaller gift-books of the season.

THE ROSE OF HEAVEN, for 1851. A. Tompkins.

A religious Annual, with several fine engravings, and with original pieces of a high order of excellence.

HISTORY OF MY PETS, by Grace Greenwood, Boston: Ticknor & Co. is one of the most charming books for children that we know of, and grown people too may read it with pleasure and profit. We like Grace Greenwood's poems. Some of them are uncommonly fine, but we like this little volume a great deal better, not only for our children, but for ourselves.

News from the Churches

SANDWICH ISLANDS. We are happy to hear of the improved health of Rev. Edward P. Bond, at Honolulu, S. I., and that he will probably soon be able to prosecute his missionary labors in that place.

CALIFORNIA. We understand that the Unitarians in San Francisco are taking measures for the establishment of a society. They have procured the services of Rev. Mr. Farley, and will, for the present, worship in Athenæum Hall.

DEDICATION AT EAST BRIDGEWATER. The Pbt. Church of the First Congregational Parish, of East Bridgewater, now under the care of Rev. Nathaniel Whitman, has been remodelled, and will be dedicated, on Wednesday the 25th inst.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

——The present session of Congress thus far has been characterized by great harmony. Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, made a motion for the purpose of introducing the Slavery question, but his resolution was voted down by a large majority. Several important bills have been introduced. Among them are a bill to pay the State of Missouri the amount of the two per cent. which was to be expended for internal improvements in that State, under the direction of Congress, and which has not been so expended; a bill, granting the right of way and portion of the public land to the State of Illinois to aid in constructing a railroad from the Illinois river to the Mississippi; a bill, for reciprocity of trade between Canada and the United States; a bill for cheap postage; another for the improvement of Rivers and Harbors, and other bills of less importance.

——The Legislature of South Carolina, which is now in session has been considering the expediency of refusing to elect a United States Senator and of calling back to the State its Representatives who are now at Washington. A new law for the purpose of punishing more severely those who circulate abolition documents or papers in that State, proposes that persons convicted of the offence *receive thirty-nine lashes, pay a fine not exceeding* $1,000, *and be imprisoned till paid.*

——A law has recently passed the Legislature of Vermont, with the ostensible purpose of aiding fugitive slaves in maintaining their rights. Its evident object, however, is to practically nullify the Fugitive Slave Law and to annoy the South. This law provides that the writ of *habeas corpus* may be granted to fugitive slaves, and if the slave is not discharged at the first hearing of the writ, he shall have the right of appeal, and on the second trial the court shall direct a trial by jury on demand of either party. It is said that such a law is entirely unconstitutional.

—— It has been proposed to establish in Boston a College of Pharmacy for the purpose of affording greater facilities for the education of apothecaries, many of whom are alarmingly deficient in the requisite knowledge to enable them to perform their responsible duties. The late fatal mistake, which occurred here, of substituting Corrosive Sublimate for Calomel is sufficient evidence of the necessity of such an Institution. Several meetings of the apothecaries of the city have been held, and the initiatory steps necessary to the forming of a school or College of Pharmacy have been taken. It is probable that the measures will be carried out and the Institution established.

—— Considerable excitement lately occurred among the medical students, at the Grove street College arising from the presence of three *colored* persons, who were admitted to the lectures with the other students, and from the report that a *woman* had been matriculated as a medical student. A meeting of the students was called and resolutions passed, we know not of what majority, protesting against the admission of *colored students*, and especially against the admission of *women* into the class. Finding so much opposition to exist, the female aspirant for medical honors and labors withdrew her application. In reply to the resolutions of the students, the faculty stated that the colored gentlemen had already paid for their tickets and therefore could not be refused. They consequently remain. It is said that they are preparing themselves for the practice of Medicine in Liberia.

——We stated the report in our last paper, that the venerable Ex. Governor Plumer of New Hampshire, was deceased. The New Hampshire Patriot contradicts this report, and says that Mr. Plumer has been sick, but at the last accounts was recovering.

——By the late arrivals from Europe, it appears that the anti Popish Excitement in England is on the increase.

Public meetings continued to be held in different parts of the country, and a frightful riot had occured in connection with the meeting at Birkenhead.

Great preparations are going on for the world's Industrial Exhibition, and articles are arriving, or on their way to the Fair from every quarter. It is said that the articles to be sent from Jerusalem will be animal skins, wool and hair; specimens of native weaving and raw silk; oils, earths: indigo and other dyes, olive and walnut woods; finished work and raw materials, in stone and marble.

There will be sent from China specimens of granite and tools used in cutting it; specimens of the wood and tools used in carving the idols joshes; a finished idol, and its house; porcelain and colors, with brushes; cotton quilts, and other Chinese curiosities.

The Maharajah of Jamoo has sent a collection of shawls, papier mache and carpets from Cashmere to Lahore, which are en route for London. Their value is £10,000, and they are a gift to the trustees of the great fair.

THE GREAT CAVE IN INDIANA.—IMPORTANT DISCOVERY. We are just informed by N. J. Coleman Esq., who has recently visited the Great Indiana Cave, that another immense cavern has been discovered opening from the original cave, which, in extent, curiosities, and mineral productions, far surpasses the old cave.—Mr. Coleman discovered an aperture, just before reaching Jacob's Ladder, into which a large man could hardly enter, and desired the party which accompanied him to explore it. The guide and two others or three of the party objected, as the aperture appeared to descend rapidly, and they feared they might meet with bad air. By a little persuasion, however, they were prevailed upon to make the exploration. With much difficulty they descended some forty feet, when to their great astonishment, they found themselves in an immense apartment. They immediately determined to fully explore the cave they had discovered. They found that this room opened into others, and these into still others, and that apparently there was no termination to the cave. They followed the main passage some four or five miles according to their best calculations, when they were admonished by their lights that they must return. On their way back, they visited some of the rooms which they had passed, in which were found large beds of epsom salts, in nearly a pure state. We are also informed that the cave contains fine specimens of saltpetre, plaster of paris, alabaster, &c., of which the party procured many fine specimens.

We can now say to our sister State, Kentucky, that Indiana has a cavern which far surpasses the Great Mammoth, as the last discovery, in connexion with the great Indiana cave, will make it one of the largest in the United States.

It is about eleven miles from Corrydon, in a south-west direction, and about seven north of Leavenworth. [New Albany (Ind.) Ledger, Nov. 25.

WOMAN'S POSITION IN ENGLAND. A curious case of the rights of husband and wife has been lately brought before the English public. Mr. Cobbett, son of the celebrated Wm. Cobbett, has been for many years an inmate of the Queen's Bench Prison, whither he was committed for contempt of court. His wife who is thoroughly devoted to the cause has been in the habit, from time to time, of appearing in the courts of Westminister, vainly endeavoring to ameliorate his condition or procure his release. She has brought actions against the keeper of the prison, and even against the Home Secretary himself, for being instrumental in his incarceration. One of these causes was to be tried at the last Midsummer Assizes, and he, not having retained any counsel, deputed his wife, who appeared before the court to conduct the cause of her husband. The learned Judge refused to hear Mrs. Cobbett, and as there was no counsel retained, the plaintiff was nonsuited. Mr Cobbett moved the Court against this decision, which was, however, confirmed by Lord Chief Justice Campbell, upon the plea that if permission were given to women to conduct causes for their husbands, in courts of law, such a measure would seriously tend to compromise the honor and delicacy of the female sex. This decision has pleased some and displeased many. If, say they, a wife sustains a wrong, her husband may plead for her, or sue for damages in his own name, and conduct the case in person: the rights of husband and wife are identical, and when placed in danger, should be defended by either. [Phil. Ledger.

WORKS OF ART FOR AMERICA, IN ROME. A correspondent of the London *Athenæum* says the Americans seem to be the only people in Rome who are suffered to exhibit their political, artistic, and religious heresies with impunity. Powers' emblematic statue of the Republic of the United States is progressing, and Mr. Crawford's design for a monument to Washington is described by him as follows: The design, for which $100,000 is to be paid, is original and striking. "From the centre of a huge block of granite, cut into the form of a star, with six rays, rises a pedestal, on which stands an equestrian statue of the legislator, sixteen feet in height. The six points of the star are surmounted by six colossal statues—one of them an allegorical figure of Virginia, the hero's birthplace —three of these statues of distinguished generals who were his companions in arms—the other two representing statesmen who were connected with him in the great struggle, and succeeded him in the office of President. The casting, it is said, will be done in either Paris or Munich. All the figures, except that of Virginia, are to be done in bronze. The writer says the Americans have just obtained permission to build a Protestant church, the first ever permitted in the Eternal city. Their architects are now at work, and in a short time the edifice will rear its head in the neighborhood of the ancient tomb of Augustus, and in the very Via de Pontifici.

[Philadelphia Ledger.

SLAVERY AGITATION. Some of the Southern organs insist, as a condition of the continuance of the Union, that no agitation of the subject of slavery shall be tolerated at the North. Now this condition is altogether unreasonable and absurd. There are fanatics at the North, who, as long as the liberty of speech and the liberty of the press are permitted, will speak and write about slavery, even though an overwhelming majority of the people of that section may regard and condemn their course. Surely the people of the South have no right to demand or expect that the non-slaveholding states shall pass laws to punish any and every citizen who may choose to speak or write against slavery. If the Union can be saved upon no other terms, it must be given up. [Louisville Jour.

HUNGARIANS IN CHINA.—We learn from Berlin—says the New York Tribune—that Gutzlaff, the Chinese Missionary, says that he has discovered in an interior province of China, a tribe who speak exactly the same language as the Magyars of Hungry. The tribe is entirely ignorant of Christianity. Two Hungarian gentlemen named Hrady are going out to China with the Missionary on his return, for the purpose of visiting these Chinese Magyars.

NOTICE.

Copies of this number of the Christian Register are sent, by the Publisher, to persons who are not subscribers, as a specimen of the publication. *One or two* copies more may be sent, to give to families and individuals who do not take it an opportunity to judge of its claims. All who sympathise with and approve its character, are respectfully requested to give it their support for the coming year.

☞ *Premium for a Dissertation.* A premium of Thirty Dollars will be paid to the person who shall write the Dissertation containing the most full and perfect, and the best narration of historical and other facts which may reasonably be supposed to have influenced the child Jesus to tarry in Jerusalem and "sit in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." Luke ii. 46.

The Dissertations must be written in a fair legible hand, on one side of each letter sheet, with a convenient margin, and they are to be forwarded, in a sealed package, inclosing a sealed paper containing the address of the writer, with the postage thereof paid, to Christian Register, at 22 School street, Boston, before the first day of March next.

The packages will be numbered as they are received, and, not before, but during the month of March next, they will all be examined, and the premium awarded and forwarded to the successful writer, before opening the paper containing the address of any other writer.

The Dissertations will be the property of the person who pays the premium, and may be published at his discretion; but the names of the writers will not be made public without their express authority. dec7

☞ *Parish Party.* To aid in relieving some of the distresses of the Winter, in those districts and dwellings of the city where frost, hunger and disease are now conspired together to multiply misery, the Ladies of the South Congregational Society, (Rev. Mr. Huntington's) propose holding a Tea-Party and Fair in the Vestry of their Church, on Christmas Eve, commencing at six o'clock. They offer all their friends, and the friends of the poor, an invitation to forward their object, by attendance, by purchases, or by gifts. Such arrangements have been made that almost the entire sum received will be nett profits for charity; and the amount taken will be carefully appropriated by a prudent Committee. When is it "meet to make merry and be glad," if not when the memory of the advent of the "Gospe to the poor" unites with the purpose to "warm and fil" his neglected and desolate disciples?

*** A light toll will be taken at the door. dec21

☞ *Christmas Eve.* There will be services in the Indiana Street Church, Tuesday Evening, Dec. 24th, to commence at 7, P M.

P. S. As an exercise of charity appropriate to the occasion, a collection will be taken up, in aid of the "Children's Mission" and "The Home for the Destitute." dec21

☞ The Ladies of the First Unitarian Society in Troy, propose holding their Third Annual Fair for the sale of useful and fancy articles on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 23 and 24, the proceeds to be applied as heretofore to the reduction of the Church debt. Your aid in this undertaking is respectfully solicited by sending articles or funds as agreeable to yours lves, addressed to E. B. Strout & Co., Troy, by Express or otherwise.

By order of the Society,

dec7 MARY W. BARTON, Sec.

☞ *The Boston Association of Congregational Ministers*, will meet on Monday next at the residence of Rev. C. A. Bartol in Chestnut street.

dec21 SAM'L B. CRUFT, Scribe.

☞ *Christmas Eve.* There will be religious services in the Congregational Church in West Bridgewater on Christmas Eve, Dec. 24. Sermon, by the Pastor,—On THE PRACTICABILITY OF MAINTAINING PEACE ON EARTH.

dec21

☞ *Sunday School Society.* The Treasurer of the Sunday School Society acknowledges the receipt of another Ten Dollars from the Teachers of the Unitarian Sunday School in Taunton, of which Rev. Charles H. Brigham is Pastor, to constitute their associate and friend, Mrs. Prudence Williams, a Life Member; being the fourth contribution from this School, within two months, by the hands of Geo. A. Crocker, Esq., to make their Pastor, their Superintendent, and two of their female Teachers, Life Members of the S. S. Society. dec21

☞ The Treasurer of the Society in Aid of Aged and Indigent Ministers, acknowledges the receipt of the following sums.

P. C. Brooks, Esq.,	$100 00
Ladies' Association in South Danvers, to make Rev. C. C. Sewall of Medfield, Rev. Frank P. Appleton of S. Danvers, Life Members,	200 00
John Bryant,	100 00
Henderson Inches,	30 00
Mrs. C. A. H. Brooks,	10 00

dec21 EPHRAIM PEABODY, Treasurer.

☞ *Notice.* The Franklin Evangelical Association will meet at the house of Rev. Preserved Smith in Deerfield, on Monday, the sixth of January at 4 o'clock, P. M.

JOHN F. MOORE, Scribe.

Deerfield, Dec. 10, 1850. dec21

MARRIAGES.

In this city, Dec. 7, Mr Abiathar Dean to Miss Marion Frazier, both of Taunton.

In Salem, by Rev Mr Frothingham, Capt. Benjamin R. White to Miss Mary J. Buffum.

In Plymouth, by Rev Dr Kendall, Col. Wm. Davis to Helen, daughter of John Russell, Esq., all of P.

In Manchester, N. H., by Rev A. B. Fuller, Mr Walter Davidson of Boston to Miss Betsey H. Merrill of M.

In New Orleans, Mr C. L. Bancroft to Miss M. J. Derby of Clinton, Mass.

DEATHS.

In Roxbury, 9th inst, Mrs Martha S., widow of the late Winslow Lewis, and daughter of James Phillips of Boston, 44.

In Charlestown, Dec. 10, Mrs Elizabeth Ann, wife of Joel Johnson, 38.

In Beverly, Dec. 11, Dr Joseph Torrey, 82 yrs 9 mos.

In Cambridgeport, Dec. 6, Mr William Brooks He was born in Sterling Mass; and after a distressing sickness, which he bore with great fortitude, he died, as he had lived, a Christian, in the Christian faith, at the age of 79 yrs 6 months.

In Stoneham, Dec. 11, Mrs Lora F. S., wife of John Kingman, and daughter of Darius Stevens, 27.

In East Bridgewater, Mr Freedom Whitman, 57, formerly and for many years, a resident of this city.

In Concord, Mass., Dec. 16, of consumption, Maria France, only daughter of Nathan and Mary S. Barrett, 19.

"On the 2d Nov. last, after a short illness of congestion of the lungs, Phebe Ann, wife of Nathaniel Messer of Pittsfield, Mass. An affectionate and devoted wife—a generous and sympathising friend—one whose liberal hand was ever ready to obey the impulse of a warm and feeling heart. By those friends who have known her most intimately, her sudden death, though quiet, and free from suffering after the first attack, will be deeply regretted, and her memory long cherished." [Phila. Papers.

In Wetumpka, Ala., 10th inst, William, son of G. C. Hall, Esq., of Brattleboro', Vt., 20.

NEW AND BEAUTIFUL GIFT BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

OUR Saviour, with the Prophets and Apostles, 18 steel engravings; Royal Women; A Series of Portraits of the Queens of England, by Agnes Strickland, 27 beautiful steel engravings; The Pathways and Abiding Places of Our Lord, 20 steel engravings; The Christmas Guest, by Maria J. McIntosh, with numerous steel engravings; A Book of the Passions by G. P. R James, 16 steel engravings; Rural Hours, by Miss Cowper, with 21 beautifully colored illustrations; Cabinet of Modern Art, 25 illustrations; Evangeline, English illustrated edition; Read's Female Poets of America, with Portraits; Messenger's Lyrics illustrated, with 20 exquisite steel engravings; Gray's Poems illustrated; Bryant's Letters of a Traveller, 13 steel engravings; Fruits from the Garden and the Field, superbly embellished; The Landscape Painters of England, 20 engravings; The Court Album, or Book of Beauty, for 1851, with Portraits; Leaflets of Memory, for 1851; Proverbial Philosophy illustrated; Gem of the Season; The Memorial, a Souvenir of Genius and Virtue, with numerous exquisite illustrations; Poems, by Samuel C. Goodrich, with 40 original designs; Bunyan's Pilgrims Progress, English edition, with 300 exquisite designs; Irving's Works in various styles of binding; Illustrated editions of the Standard Poets; Snow Flake; Christmas Tribute; Irving Offering; Rose of Sharon; Christmas Blossoms; Messenger Birds; Friendship's Offering; Lily of the Valley; The Forget Me Not; Token of Friendship, &c. &c.

The above, with many other suitable Gift Books, for Christmas and New Year's

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dec21 2is 111 Washington street.

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3. The Pot of Mignonette—Sharpe's Magazine
4. American Papers in England—London Morning Chronicle.
5. Pilgrimage to the Land of my Fathers—Spectator.
6. Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey—Examiner.
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POETRY.

[For the Register.]

Lilian.

Bring here thy loom, and lay the warp
All through of gold; with silken thread
In violet, yellow, black and red,—
As another, tones upon a harp—
Thou improvisest lovely shapes
And reimbodyest the dead.

My words are very poor and scant;
But thou within thy magic loom
Wilt give them meaning, strength and bloom—
And the tale I tell shall have no want—
Pictured in fadeless sun and gloom.

A speck here, journeying to the West
One sees a mount with beetling top—
The very plunge of the wave, when drop
The flashing curls from its sharp white crest.

And soon you come to the mountain land,
Where peak o'er peak, in their cloud abodes,
Like Titans now at peace with the gods—
The ancient, beautiful brethren stand.

So calm and sane are they, we know
No more of the babble and strife,
The emptiness and the fret of life.
We are up with them and the world's below;

Above the belts where summer clings;
Where silence ever wakes and broods
Around their wild and vapory hoods,
Low rustling its enchanted wings,—

We listen through their clinging mist
For hymns in calm, pure childhood heard—
Old hymns of faith, from those that guard
The snow and the sacred amethyst.

Thou dost not feel their music cease,
When at thy feet some little bloom
Smiles suddenly from covert gloom
And minds thee of a lowlier peace.

Those threaded sunbeams of the wood,
The wildering rivulets merrily
K ss thine intruding feet and flee—
As careless of thy higher mood.

Gold green the blessed vallies lie,
By giant shadows now embraced—
And now with sunbeams interlaced,
And panting 'neath the happy sky.

If here and there the smoke upcurls,
It witnesses of some warm hearth
Where nestle human loves and mirth,
Grey eld, and sunny boys and girls.

Among those regions fair and dread,
A fallen trunk's majestic beam
Bridges a granite-walled stream
An hundred feet above its bed.

So brief the space from ledge to ledge,
Only the mid day sun can send
An arrow that its depth may rend,
And three steps on the sturdy bridge
Will measure it from end to end.

A maiden on a summer even
Stood there above the rivulet's flow,
And looked into the depth below,
And up the hollow sphere of heaven—
As if to measure some great wo.

Her birth-place, circled with soft air,
Lay many leagues away—her kin,
Her mother of a darker skin,
Who called, in pride of her fair hair,
The pretty maiden, Lilian.

Her history none knew—nor he
Who loved her, guessed what shadow dread
Darkened the fair, beloved head;
From bondage she had strength to flee—
Its sickening fear she had not fled.

Forgive her that she did not clear
Her soul of the great weight it bore,
And for its silence ached the more,—
The heart made weak with e rthly fear,
Love cannot teach it all its lore.

At length, the ill fore-shadowed came,
And hope called home its latest beam;
She caught one day the evil gleam
Of eyes—she knew those eyes—the same
That turned to nightmare, childhood's dream.

Was 't strange that thoughts of death filled then
Her soul? that day with free, calm pace,
She turned her from the trysting place,
At night—(what wonder yet again—
Is death the darkest thing to face?)

And wending homeward through the even,
She stopped above the rivulet's flow—
And looked into the dark below,
And up the empty, silent heaven,
And could not measure her great wo.

The waters kept their pleasant din:
From peopled wastes and wilds untrod,
And brightly over love's abode,
The beauteous day shut softly in—
Like a great passion flower of God.

She said—"I thought this world so wide!
With room for every hope inwrought
Here with the life—love—freedom—sought
To lesser creatures not denied!
Simply, I knew not what I thought.

When the owl leaves his hollow tree,
He oft times captures on the wing
Some poor, belated, panting thing—
A little thrush perhaps, that free,
Fares homeward mid June's blossoming.

I envy, God, that little thrush;
He is not hated of his kind—
I envy him his free born mind,
And last, his home fore gone,—the hush
Of absence that he leaves behind.

When with my love, I sought the fall
But now—and clear o'er wave and bird,
His low, assuring speech I heard—
I thought that I would tell him all,
For love is better than its word.

But no—God—no—for as I live
'T were death—soul's death—to watch, alone,
The gradual change come darkening down.—
How tell him that I sought to give
To him, what never was my own?

But now, if from his path, at length,
I glide like last night's pleasant dream,
Which could not wait the morning's beam—
Though memory has its bitter strength,
The sweet too stays to comfort him.

God pardon me my selfish heart!
But is it not best then to be
A clear strain gone—a memory
Of good, alloyed not—as thou art,
Bird, to home watchers in the tree?

'T were good then when tomorrow's sun
Comes with its slow inspiring on,
To be one beauteous ray withdrawn,
A sweet want in the heart of one,
A silence through the waking dawn.

Yonder, great Heaven, men wait to bind
These limbs with chains; the night birds roam
To drag the poor way-farer home;
'T is well: they are not of my kind,
For I am human,—let them come!

* * * * * * *

The jubilant waters far below,
Went harping over twig and stone,
And roots with black moss overgrown,—
One scarce had noticed in their flow
A slightly changed and muffled tone.

One only, who forbidden still
To follow her, said, in heart play,
"I will haste round the longer way,
And while obedient, have my will
And see her once again to day."

He waited long beside her door—
Then said, "her foot is swift and light;
An hour ago—if I read right—
She passed this happy threshold o'er,"
He stooped and kissed it neath the night.

And laughing at his vigil vain—
And thinking when the sun's gold edge
Should ripple o'er the eastern ridge
Of clouds, they two would meet again,—
He loitered homeward by the bridge.

There list'ning—"is it mists of night
That break thy murmur to thy ear,
Or pass'st thou, shuddering with some fear,
Or burthened with a new delight,
Dear stream, thy voice is not so clear.

Perhaps, through wood and rocky reach
A spirit of the wave, thy bride,
Runs softly wimpling to thy side,
And thou, confused in thy speech,
For painful joy, dost talk so wide.

When love with love makes God's pure day,
A light for every coming year,
Each thing to hope and fancy dear
Comes double index—or, best say,
Is half a joy and half a fear.

So feeble are we! and the fair,
Sweet presence that within us sings,
The hour that like concentered springs,
Comes freighted with its heavenly air,
Can not forego its heavenly wings."

He, musing as his pathway led
Met comrades from the field's late task—
A happy lover, what can mask?
Not night or silence—Greetings said—
"Your Lilian—she is well?" they ask.

The calm, far starlight healing fell
On scarred trunk and broken ridge,
And seemed to give an answering pledge,
As he replied, "my love is well,
We parted yonder at the bridge."

Nor was he mindful of love's cheats,
Till they had passed; when smiling gay
He thought, "in south, I did not say
Amiss, love still is near,—and meets,
And parts, a thousand times a day."

So passed he homewards—weaving dear
Old dreams and hopes in garlands slight.
What thrilling touches of strange light—
What breaths from some far atmosphere—
World, in thy grand old pause of night!

Spirits, that watch, do you no pray
In the still hours—light come no more!
Shine not upon life's blasted flower,
Let only us see it—who may
See God and earth in the same hour?

Doubt, terror,—the long agony
Of dread suspense,—sore ill to brook!
Until on many a fearful nook
The sun sends in his searching eye,
And looks there ill he makes men look.

Believe that there are times so rife
With vital blood—that moments may
With life of countless years grow gray,
And fruitage on the vine of life
Ripen and drop in one brief day.

God keeps us! that is something good,
Whichever way the current run—
Where fate its sorry worst has done,
He leads you to life's marble mood,
Where, torpid, you await the sun.

But, worse than worst—if God unlock
Despair with lightning, you may turn
In vain some kindly rest to earn,—
The soft south wind your pangs will mock,
The very stars will sting and burn.

Bethink thee if thy soul's true mate
Should sudden from thy side be caught,
With last eve's kisses newly fraught,
And darkness overhang his fate,
A mystery that deadened thought;

And doubts that plied at first their wings
In shadow of the twilight grey,
Should wing at last the open day,
And doubts should grow to whisperings
That you had reft that life away;

"O God!" you say, "they left him so
Widowed of all men's love, to grieve
And die!" Nay worse than that! believe
Time's shuttles fly—we scarcely know,
The awful pictures he may weave.

They crippled first his manly strength
With prison air and prison gloom;
And, ere mid winter's frosty bloom;
From chains and judgment bar, at length
They gave him to the felon's doom.

What said he? or what thought? God knows!
A fear—a frightful doubt—ere long
A dread belief of some deep wrong
Done, in the hearts of men arose—
And waxed from day to day more strong.

And then there came from the south land
Sealed, as men say, with dying breath—
Confession he from hell beneath,
That two who waited near at hand
Had seen the wretched maiden's death.

"Gone 's gone—lost, lost!" Say you I mar
With sadness life's most heavenly things?
'Tis but the air that sweeps the strings;
You cannot probe the earth mould far
Ere you shall reach her tearful springs.

Dear skilful lady, in whose loom
The breath of natural joy and pain
Is woven as nerves are in the brain,
A crimson gush has rapt our room—
The close of day's triumphant strain!

Is it the coming night-breath wreathed
With phantom dews, that all those wan
Acacia flowerets seems to fan—
Or the living joy through nature breathed
By the infinite hope of man?

MISCELLANEOUS.

[For the Register.]

OLD UNCLE TOMMY.

The morning after the storm was calm and beautiful, just one of those days so dear to every lover of Nature; for every true worshipper of our all bountiful Mother is a poet at heart: though his lips may often fail to utter the rich experience of his soul. The air was full of fragrance and of the songs of birds; here and there a gentle breeze would shower down the drops of moisture from the trees, forming a mimic rain; every bush and shrub, and each separate blade of grass glittered in the morning sun-light, as if hung with brightest jewels. The stillness was in harmony with the day of rest, and only the most peaceful thoughts were suggested by this glorious calm, returning after the tempest.

The late proprietor of the Leigh Manor, had presented a small though very perfect chime of bells, to Leighton Church; they had never been successfully played until now, when the ringers having become more skilful, they for the first time pealed a regular chant to-day, and right merrily did the sound go forth over the quiet plain.

To God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful songs repeat;
To him your praise accord,
As good as He is great.

"Ah!" said an old man, leaning on his staff, and gazing at the bells, "how I wish the Masther could a' heard ye. Mayhap' ye would ha' drawn the black sorrow out o' his heart. Poor cretur! Well! he knows what *rest* means *now*, but sure he never did here; p'r'aps he *does* hear the bonny bells a praising God. God bless thee, dear Masther, and have thee forever in his own keeping!" and raising his hat reverently from his head, the Old Man stood with the white hair streaming back upon his shoulders, leaving unshaded his up-turned countenance, where were visible the traces of many a conflict and of many a hard-earned victory;—the *traces* only, for time and living faith had smoothed the deeper marks of more recent struggle. As in Nature this morning, you saw there *had been* storm and fierce strife; but now, all was at peace. The clear blue eye of the aged man shone with a brighter light than youth alone can give; it was the undying light of immortality—for old, and poor, and ignorant as he was to worldly eyes, his soul had attained a noble stature; and as he stood there with uncovered head in the June sunshine, there was a majesty about him which no mere earthly rank can impart. You saw before you a child of the Great Father—you *felt* that he communed in spirit with his God, as with a dear and loving parent—that the Most High was very nigh unto him. And yet this man dwelt amongst the paupers of a country almshouse, and men called him insane! But he was "harmless," they said; so he was allowed to come and go about the neighborhood as he pleased, and no one feared him. The little children, as they passed to Sunday School this morning, stopped more lightly lest they should disturb him; for he was a favorite with the "little people," as he called them. When beyond his hearing, they whispered to one another, "I don't believe Uncle Tommy is crazy, do you? I never want to plague him, he's so kind." "He is'nt a mite like laughing Davy," said another, "for Davy is real mischievous sometimes, and Uncle Tommy is not a bit; what do you s'pose folks call him crazy for, eh!" "I'm sure I dont know," whispered a third, "for he knows *ever so much*, I guess it's 'cause he seems as he does now, and nobody else ever does, do they? so that's what folks laugh at." "Well, it's too bad," exclaimed a rosy little girl of nine or ten summers, "I mean to go speak to him; that 'll wake him up; he's always good to us, and I *hate* to have folks look queer at him and make fun of his ways!"

"Why Nelly, he do'nt care for the laughing!" "No matter, I do," stoutly maintained the child, and going up to the old man she softly pulled his clean patched sleeve. "Uncle Tommy, if you please, do look here!" He did not seem to hear her for a little while, then passing his hand across his forehead as if arousing himself, he turned with a pleasant cheering manner, to the children, who had gathered around him, "Ah! little Nelly, is it you? and all my little people; why you 're out early this good morning. May the blessing of Our Father shine through your young hearts, making beautiful your lives, as the sun-shine makes beautiful your fresh young faces! "Uncle Tommy," said John Anton, "what makes you love the sun so like everything?" Old Tommy smiled at the boy's eagerness, but looking upward answered, "I love it as the first, brightest gift of Our Father. I see in it the purest emblem of Him whose dwelling *is* the light." After a moment's silence, he extended his hands over the children's heads, saying fervently, "Pour Thy light into their souls, Oh Father, that the eyes of the mind being opened, they may see Thee in all thy works." Then taking Nelly by the hand he asked, "if they were not too soon for school?" She told him, "Yes, for they had come to hear the bells ring; and then it was so pleasant, perhaps Uncle Tommy would tell them something—Wont you talk to us a little while, just till the theachers come!" "Oh yes, do now, Uncle Tommy, tell us some of the many nice tales you know," chimed in the whole group. "I'll be still as a mouse, if you will," coaxed a lively child, whose ceaseless motion usually disturbed all quiet talk. Uncle Tommy patted her curly head, and good naturedly consented to gratify them, "if they would try and be good, as the flowers in the meadow yonder." "Yes, yes, we will!" shouted they.

"Now lean on me, and I'll help you Uncle Tommy," said Nelly, who usually assumed the charge of him when she found an opportunity. So, with one hand resting upon her shoulder and the other supported by his staff, the Old Man—he looked older now, as his hat shaded his face—moved feebly forward, surrounded by the happy children. They walked a few steps beyond the corner of the church, and soon came to a projection in one of the buttresses that was often used by the people as a seat in summer; hither they carefully led Uncle Tommy, who could still enjoy his beloved 'sunshine,' whilst he rested his weary limbs. It was a sight worthy of an artist's pencil—the ancient stone church—the venerable man—the young children—the lofty trees—the birds—the shadows—the sun-light, and the graves!

"Sh'ant I take off your hat," asked John, "so you can feel warm?" and away went the hat, to the mutual satisfaction of Uncle Tommy and the children, for they loved him, and liked to see his white hair in the bright sunbeam, "looking exactly like the 'Mary's threads' on the dewy grass, so silvery and shiny," Nelly used to say. "What you going to tell us?" urged the impatient little Janette softly. He looked all around before speaking—up at the distant blue sky flooded with light—abroad upon the fields clothed in richest verdure—at the gently rustling elms—the oaks—the yews and hemlocks in the quiet churchyard—the eager living group at his feet; all were seen in that one comprehensive glance. "It is my birthday, little people," said he at length, smilingly nodding to them. "Why Uncle Tommy, cried the astonished children in their simplicity, "do you have birthdays, like us? We thought you was too old!" "Yes, yes, nodded he, "I'm very old, but I remember my birthdays still; 'tis ninety years this blessed day, since I came here a wee bit of a baby: and what a blessed Father has led me, the long weary way!" murmured he softly. "Shall you like to die, Uncle Tommy, do you want to die?" asked Nelly. "I *want*, dear child, to live just as long as our Father pleases. I don't feel impatient to go, nor to stay; 'cos that aint right, Nelly, I want to do exactly as God wills, but I sha'nt feel sorry to go when the time comes; all I *wish* about it is, that the sun may shine like *now* when I go home, and that I may *know* it."

Another little boy here joined the group, the youngest son of the Rector. He had only returned home the previous day to pass the summer vacation, after a six months' absence; there was a little shyness at first between the children, which soon disappeared before the kindly influence of the Old Man, in whose eyes all human beings were recognised as the children of God—with him there were no rich and poor. "Welcome home again, little Herman," was his greeting, accompanied by a smile so genial it went straight to the boy's heart; "Thank you, Uncle Tommy," said he, shaking hands cordially, "I am right glad to be here, I can assure you, and very glad to see you in your old corner, looking so well. But what were you saying about 'going home,' when I interrupted you by coming up, pray go on." Before he could answer, Janette said, "It's Uncle Tommy's birthday, this is!" "Indeed, and how old is he?" asked Herman, looking at the Old Man for a reply. "Ninety years, thank God," was the cheerful answer. "Oh what a long, long time to live!" slowly fell from Herman's lips. He was a delicate boy, and thoughtful beyond his years, as is often the case with invalid children; and now he rested his pale intelligent face upon his hand, with his eyes fixed on Uncle Tommy, and thought how hard it must be to bear the weight of *ninety* long years, and wondered if the Old Man's head ached all the time, as *his* did; then his eye fell on the graves, and he wondered if any of the spirits whose bodies were lying there, knew what an old, old man was seeing the sun shine, so long after them! There were little graves and large ones; Uncle Tommy knew almost all of them and still he lived on *all alone*, and *they* had some of them left families. He wondered on and on—his reverie was short, but crowded with perplexing thoughts. Uncle Tommy put an end to it for the present, by saying, in answer to Herman's words, "The time is *only* long, when I don't mind our Father's will; when I obey as the sun, and the wind, and all about us in Nature does, why then, I'm as happy as a cretur can be, and time seems just right; but what I was a saying about going home was this, I aint in a hurry to go 'cos I'm here so long—nor am I wantin to stay—only just as God pleases. But when the time *does* come, I'll be glad to go home after my school time here is over; p'r'aps just as you feel now, Herman; and I hope when Uncle Tommy has gone—with the sunshine, out there—to Heaven, you little people will learn to love the fair works of God our Father, just as he does now. And don't forget when you're a going to be unkind or naughty, that you little ones—and *all* the little children and *all* the grown people, are the fairest, noblest of God's works. And if you think of Uncle Tommy when you see the sun shine, and the pretty flowers and birds, and remember how he loved them—think of him when you are a going to strike one another, or do any naughty thing, and remember how often he has told you about the dear Jesus, who took little children in his arms and blessed them, and told all the people, great and small—to love God best, and then to love one another as they loved themselves. Now if you try to think of this, I don't believe you'll be naughty very often; and the fewer times you're naughty, the happier you'll be when you look round on this dear beautiful world."

"But, Uncle Tommy," said Nelly, "we forget about being good sometimes, when we get cross, and every body scolds at us 'cause we are so naughty, and then that makes us act worse, ever so much—don't it Ann?" appealing to a girl about her own age. "Yes," rejoined Ann, "nobody ever says anything about being good, in the way you do, Uncle Tommy, except in Sunday School, and in Church, and somehow it don't seem just the same as when *you* talk! I I think their *good* goes only for Sundays. Oh, Uncle Tommy, I believe we should always be good children, if you could only be along with us all the time!" "So do I"—"and I,"—was heard from the little circle. "Dear me!" cried Nelly impatiently, "how I do wish we had a great big world, all our own, for nobody ugly to plague us in—only just for Uncle Tommy and us to live there—*then* we'd be good as could be! Don't you wish so, dear Uncle Tommy?" "No, dear children, I wish for no better, or bigger world to live on, than this. Our Father put us here—and put it in our own power to be happy—that means, to be good, and if we don't make out to do what he wants us to here, I don't believe we should find it half as easy in a world such as folks dream about. It's a wrong notion to my thinking—to 'spose we could behave better in some other place, than in the one where our lot's cast in life—or at some other time, than the present time going over our heads. Remember this, dear little people, when you grow up, and don't wish for anything it isn't God's will you should have. Try all you can to mind the Lord who loves you so well; and if trouble and sorrow come to you—as they do to every human cretur—and you can be sure it's not your own doing—then patiently trust in our Father, and remember what the dear bells say,—

"For God doth prove,
Our constant Friend,
His boundless love,
Will never end."

"You're little and young, and full of health now, so you don't know what I mean, as you will by an' by when you grow older—but you can remember, if you can't quite take it in—that I tell you, after trying it for a good many years, I *know* our happiness depends a deal more on ourselves, than on other people—and it's only when we're lazy and don't want to stir ourselves, that we think other people have an easier time than we do; b'lieve me, dear children, every body has the means of being happy or unhappy in their hearts, and these they must take wherever they go, and these make their home and their world."

The bell for school began to ring, and the children sprang to their feet instantly with—"Good bye, Uncle Tommy, it's school-time now!" "Good bye, little ones," said he, "you go to one school, and I'll go to another, among the *dumb* children of our Lord!" Nelly and Ann lingered after the others a moment, "Uncle Tommy," said Ann, "we *will* try to do as you want us to, and remember what you say." He laid his hands upon their heads, looking up to Heaven—"May the Spirit of the dear Lord be with ye, and guide your tender feet in the narrow way of life. Bless them, Father, with thy loving presence through this unending life." There was a moment's pause, then Ann said earnestly, "I love dearly to have you bless me, Uncle Tommy;" and with a "Good bye," off she ran to school. Nelly stopped a moment. She had nestled close to the old man's side without speaking, and now throwing her arms around his neck with a real over-flowing of her young heart, she kissed his cheek and then darted off to join her companions in school. Uncle Tommy was surprised, for Nelly did not often express her affection by caresses, as most children do, but by kind deeds.

The action, slight though it was, touched a long silent chord in the Old Man's memory—the curtain veiling the past seemed withdrawn, and again he was a child—there was the path from the village across the church-yard—just as it was when first his Mother had led him to church, a tiny thing clinging to her skirts;—he was the youngest of seven, and the pet—Oh so long ago! He saw again before him, his young brothers and sisters, full of healthful glee; then other forms of long parted ones joined the procession of years—his sisters' and brothers', children—his own cherished wife and much loved boys and girls;—all gone, long, long years ago, and he alone, of all that numerous company, remained. "Thou, Father, hast ever been on my right hand and on my left; very safely hast thou led me on through joy and sorrow unto this shining day; blessed be thy holy name!"

So prayed the old man his last earthly thanksgiving—for when the people were dispersing to their homes after service—one seeing him sitting there in the sheltered nook, came to say "good morning," and receiving no answer, touched his hand,—it was cold. There he sat in the glorious sunshine—his old brown hat by his side, wreathed with still fresh grass and flowers, as was his custom; but the freed spirit had gone to the Father he so lovingly worshipped.

They made his grave in the sunniest part of the church-yard, where an opening in the trees afforded a love'y view of the village and the meadows, with the gently flowing river, along whose peaceful banks the Old Man had loved to wander, gathering flowers, and leaves and grasses, and throwing crumbs to the birds, who knew him too well to fly from him. Here they at last laid him, and instead of monument or head-stone—the children brought sweet flowering shrubs, and wild briar from the lanes or fields, to plant around his quiet grave.

"Uncle Tommy is not *there*," said the children "he has gone home. This is only his poor tried *body*, here in the ground!" Thus did the influence of his bright, ever-young spirit remain with the "little people," long after Uncle Tommyhad ceased to talk with them. S.

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